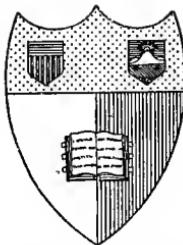




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THE OLD-SPELLING SHAKESPEARE :
Being the Works of Shakespeare in the
Spelling of the best Quarto and Folio Texts
Edited by F. J. Furnivall and the late
W. G. Boswell-Stone.





ALL'S WELL, THAT: ENDS WELL

by

William Shakespeare

EDITED BY

W. G. BOSWELL-STONE

INTRODUCTION

BY

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NEW YORK
DUFFIELD & COMPANY
LONDON: CHATTO & WINDUS
1908

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RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,
BREAD STREET HILL, E.C., AND
BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

All's Well, that Ends Well

INTRODUCTION

DATE

THERE is no external evidence that will enable us to ascertain the date of composition of *All's Well, that Ends Well* within positive limits: in the well-known list of Meree in his *Palladis Tamia* of 1598 there is mention of a play called 'Love's Labour's Won,' and there are passages in *All's Well* which, as well as the general theme of the play, support the conclusion that it is possibly the one referred to. Various critics at different times have tried to identify 'Love's Labour's Won' with the *Taming of the Shrew*, the *Tempest* and *Much Ado about Nothing* respectively: but there are grave objections to each of these, and it is now generally admitted that either 'Love's Labour's Won' has been lost, or that it was the original title of the present play. If the latter alternative is taken, we should be able to assume not only that the play was written before 1598, but also that it followed *Love's Labour's Lost* at no very great interval.

On examining the question by the light of internal evidence fresh difficulties present themselves: for, while in some places there are long passages of rhyme in which the thoughts are of the simplest, and where the characters are allowed to express the most practical ideas by 'three-piled hyperboles,' the majority of the play is written in a style that incontestably proves that Shakespeare composed it at a time when he had left such puerilities far behind him. It has therefore been conjectured with comparative certainty, that the play as we have it represents a remodelling of an earlier one, which was probably treated in a distinctly comedy spirit, and may well have borne the title 'Love's Labour's Won,' and that the rhymed passages are

All's Well, that Ends Well.

remains of this early version which have been retained for dramatic purposes. The similarity of the subject to that of *Measure for Measure*, and the number of parallels that might be drawn from this play with *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet*, as well as the metrical evidence, the humour, and the prose style favour the supposition that 1602 was the probable date of composition.

TEXT

There was no quarto edition of this play, and it first appeared in the Folio edition of 1623. It is one of the worst printed in the volume, and the emendator has had the fullest scope for his powers ; and this opportunity has been eagerly taken advantage of.

SOURCE

The primary source of *All's Well* is the ninth novel of the third book of Boccaccio's *Decameron*. An English version of this had appeared in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*, and to this, no doubt, Shakespeare was directly indebted. The story in Paynter deals with the history of the love of Giletta for the young and handsome Beltramo. She proceeds to Paris and cures the king ; and as a reward is allowed choice of husband. Needless to say she selects Beltramo, who immediately deserts her for the wars between Florence and Sienna. He leaves her a letter saying he will not acknowledge her as his wife till she has a son by him and has obtained his ring. She follows him to Florence, and by the help of an honest lady whom he has impetrated in love, manages to fulfil both conditions. After the birth of two sons she proceeds to the count's abode, where he is holding a great feast, and is accepted as his beloved wife. This, then, is the crude story which formed the base of *All's Well*. Shakespeare, however, has, as usual, given free play to his invention. Thus the whole of the development of the story is entirely different : in the story the lady simply presents herself to her husband and all is ended, while in the play the catastrophe is brought about by a series of dramatic and moving scenes. Parolles, the clown, and the Countess Lafey are independent

Introduction.

creations of the poet. In the story, in fact, all the characters are mere wax figures.

THE CHARACTERS, ETC., OF ALL'S WELL

Parolles is a masterly sketch of the affected courtier, vicious in his tastes, and a cowardly braggart with sufficient craft to pass among the more simple of the frequenters of the court as a valiant soldier and a wit. His exposure recalls an incident in Nash's *Jack Wilton*; but the two portraits are so entirely different that it would be absolutely unwarrantable to suggest that either author was indebted to the other. His existence is thoroughly justified by the intrinsic excellence of the conception, but he is also used by Shakespeare to exemplify the fickle and unmatured judgment of Bertram, and to modify, by the influence that his personality exerts, the responsibility of the hero. Bertram himself, it must be confessed, however, can hardly be defended. Shakespeare insists on his courage and bravery, which is not done in the novel: the influence of Parolles is mentioned by Lafeu, but this trait is not strongly developed. His first speech in the fifth act exerts some small claims on the sympathy of the reader; but this is speedily dispelled by his unmanly conduct in the remainder of the scene.

The king is a perfect little character-sketch: strongly and easily moved both to sympathy and anger, he is, in his own words, ‘not a day of season, for thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail in me at once.’

The Countess Lafeu is perhaps the most delightful of all Shakespeare's old ladies; and her presence imbues every scene in which she appears with grace and poetry.

Helena, however, is the crowning beauty of the play. The wonderful spirit with which she sets about her task, first of winning and then of reclaiming her love, makes her one of the most attractive of heroines. The extraordinary interest of the creation lies, perhaps, in the skill with which the author, when putting her in the most trying of situations, has averted anything that might form a blur on the modesty and grace of her personality. Beautiful as the play is from a poetical standpoint, it is when considered from a dramatic point of view, wofully

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deficient. There is a conspicuous lack of unity about the whole ; the relation of the Countess and Lafeu, striking and charming as the former's characterisation is, to the plot is infinitesimal.

The conclusion, too, is unsatisfactory, for the reader feels that the real problem is only now to begin. These weaknesses, combined with the unpleasantness of the general theme, amply account for the comparative neglect that *All's Well* has suffered among Shakespeare's plays.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

The References are to First Speeches in each Scene. The Scene in which a Mute appears is given.

KING of France, I.ii.1, p. 11; II.i.2, p. 21; iii.44, p. 30; V.iii.1, p. 79.

DUKE of Florence, III.i.1, p. 42; iii.1, p. 47.

BERTRAM, Count of Rossillion, I.i.3, p. 5; ii.23, p. 12; II.i.27, p. 22; iii.9, p. 29; v.3, p. 39; III.iii.3, p. 48; vi.6, p. 53; IV.i.1, p. 61; iii.80, p. 65; V.iii.36, p. 80: as a Mute, III.v. p. 52.

LAFEW, an old Lord, I.i.6, p. 5; II.i.60, p. 23; iii.1, p. 29; v.1, p. 39; IV.v.1, p. 73; V.ii.27, p. 78; iii.11, p. 79.

Captaine PARROLLES, a cowardly bragging knave, a follower of **BERTRAM**, I.i.100, p. 8; II.i.25, p. 21; iii.7, p. 29; iv.13, p. 38; v.15, p. 40; III.vi.40, p. 54; IV.i.24, p. 58; iii.113, p. 66; V.ii.1, p. 77; iii.237, p. 87: as a Mute, I.ii. p. 12; III.iii. p. 47; v. p. 52.

A Page, I.i.174, p. 10; and a Messenger, IV.iii.72, p. 65: Servants to **BERTRAM**.

RYNALDO, a Steward, I.iii.3, p. 13; III.iv.4, p. 48.

LAUATCH, a Clowne, a shrewd knave and an unhappy, } Servante to the COUN-
I.iii.12, p. 14; II.ii.3, p. 27; iv.2, p. 38; III.ii.3, p. 43; } TESS of Rossillion.
IV.v.14, p. 73; V.ii.6, p. 77.

Lord G. (or DUMAINE), a French Lord, afterwards a Captaine in the Florentine armie, I.ii.3, p. 11; II.i.5, p. 21; III.i.4, p. 43; vi.3, p. 53; IV.iii.1, p. 63.

Lord E., his brother, also a Captaine in the Florentine armie, I.ii.15, p. 11; II.i.25, p. 22; III.i.9, p. 43; vi.1, p. 53; IV.i.1, p. 58; iii.2, p. 63.

Both Lords speak at II.i.22, p. 21.

French E., III.ii.44, p. 45; and French G., III.ii.51, p. 45; two French Gentlemen, Envoyos to the Court of Florence.

Four young French Lords, 'Noble Batchellors', offered by the KING to HELENAS 'franke election': 1st Lord, II.iii.75, p. 31; 2nd Lord, 82, p. 31; 4th Lord, 96, p. 32.

The four young French Lords epeak at the same time, II.iii.63, p. 31.

A gentle Astrarnger (called also a Gentleman), V.i.9, p. 76; iii.128, p. 83.

1st Souldier, the Interpreter of 'Chougue language' to **PARROLLES**, IV.i.7, p. 58; iii.111, p. 66: 2nd Souldier, IV.i.89, p. 60.

All Soldiers epeak at IV.i.63, p. 59.

COUNTESS of Rossillion, mother to **BERTRAM**, I.i.1, p. 5; iii.1, p. 13; II.ii.1, p. 27; III.ii.1, p. 43; iv.1, p. 48; IV.v.7, p. 73; V.iii.4, p. 79.

HELENA (or HELLEN), daughter of the Phisitian GERARD de NARBON, brought up by the **COUNTESS**; in loue with **BERTRAM**, I.i.47, p. 6; iii.127, p. 17; II.i.101, p. 24; iii.55, p. 31; iv.1, p. 38; v.54, p. 41; III.ii.45, p. 45; v.31, p. 50; vii.1, p. 56; IV.iv.1, p. 72; V.i.1, p. 76; iii.302, p. 89.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

An old Widdow of Florence, III.v.1, p. 49; vii.4, p. 56; IV.iv.14, p. 72; V.i.24, p. 77; iii.161, p. 84.

DIANA, daughter to the Widdow, 'derived fram the ancient Capilet', III.v.3, p. 49; IV.ii.2, p. 61; iv.28, p. 73; V.iii.157, p. 84: as a Mute, V.i. p. 76.

MARIANA, a neighbour and friend of the Widdow, III.v.9, p. 50.

VIOLENTA, (?) daughter to MARIANA, speaks together with MARIANA at III. v.98, p. 53.

Mutes: Divers young French Lord, going to the Florentine warre, II.i. p. 21; *3rd young French Lord, offered to Helena*, II.iii. p. 32. ANTHONIO and ESCALUS, sons to the Dukes of Florence, III.v. p. 52; Lords, Attendants, Soldiers, Seruants, French and Florentine.

The Scenes supposed: Rossillion: *The Counts palace*, I.i. pp. 5-11; iii. pp. 13-20; II.ii. pp. 27-29; III.ii. pp. 43-47; iv. pp. 48, 49; IV.v. pp. 73-76; V.iii. pp. 79-90. Paris: *The Kings palace*, I.ii. pp. 11-13; II.i. pp. 21-27; iii. pp. 29-37; iv. pp. 38, 39; v. pp. 39-42. Florence: *The Dukes palace*, III.i. pp. 42, 43: *Before the Dukes palace*, III.iii. pp. 47, 48: *Without the walls*, III.v. pp. 49-53: *The Florentine camp*, III.vi. pp. 53-56; IV.iii. pp. 63-72: *Without the camp*, IV.i. pp. 58-60; *The Widdows house*, III.vii. pp. 56, 57; IV.ii. pp. 6x-63; iv. pp. 72, 73. Marseilles: *A street*, V.i. pp. 76, 77.

*The Time of the Play*¹ covers about three months. *11 Days* are represented on the Stage, divided by 6 Interlms. We arrange them thus: Day 1, I.i. pp. 5-11. Interim. Day 2, I.ii.iii. pp. 11-20. Interim. Day 3, II.ii. pp. 21-29. Interim of two days.² Day 4, II.iii.—v. pp. 29-42. Interim. Day 5, III.i.ii. pp. 42-47. Day 6, III.iii.iv. pp. 47-49. Interim of 'some two months'.³ Day 7, III.v. pp. 49-53. Day 8, III.vi.vii.; IV.i.ii.iii. to l. 78, pp. 53-65. Day 9,⁴ IV.iii. from l. 79 to iv. pp. 65-73. Interim. Day 10, IV.v.; V.i. pp. 73-77. Day 11, V.ii.iii. pp. 77-90.

¹ We follow Mr. P. A. Daniel's Time-Analysis, in the *New Sh. Soc. Trans.*, 1877-79, pp. 169-173.

² On Day 3, Helena hopes to cure the King in two days' space. See II.i. 162-169, p. 26. The cure has been effected when the King enters in II.iii. (Day 4).

³ In IV.iii.46, p. 64 (Day 8) Lord G. says that Helena had fled from Rossillon 'some two months since'.

⁴ Cf. IV.iii.28-30, p. 64, and IV.iii.79, p. 65.

NOTICE

In the Text, black type (*Clarendon or Sans-serif*) is used for all emendations and insertions.

F means the First Folio of 1623. Fz, the Second Folio of 1632 (whose emendations are not treated as Shakspere's).

T in the Text, means that the speaker turns and speaks to a fresh person.

Words having now a different stress to the Elizabethan, are generally accented, for the reader's convenience, as 'exile,' &c. When -ed final is pronounced as a separate syllable, the e is printed e.

All's Well, that Ends Well

[From the First Folio of 1623.]

ALL'S Well, that Ends Well.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Rossillion. The COUNTS Palace.

Enter yong BERTRAM, Count of Rossillion; his Mother, the Countess of Rossillion; HELENA, and Lord LAFEW, all in blacke.

Mother.

IN deliuering my sonne from me, I burie a second husband.

Roj. And I, in going, Madam, weep ore my fathers death anew; but I must attend his Maiesties command, to whom I am now in Ward, euermore in subiection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband, Madame; ¶ you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of neceſſitie hold his vertue to you, whose worthineſſe [8 would stirre it vp where it wanted, rather then lack it where there is ſuch abundance.

Mo. What hope is there of his Maiesties amendment? 11

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phifitions, Madam; vnder whose practife he hath perfecuted time with hope; and finds no other aduantage in the proceſſe, but onely the loofing of 'hope' by 'time.' 15

Mo. This yong Gentlewoman had a father, (O, that 'had'! how ſad a paſſage tis!) whose ſkill was almost as great as his honeſtie; had it ſtretch'd ſo far, would haue made Nature immortall, and Death ſhould haue play for lacke of worke.

Enter . . . Helena, and Lord Lafew] Enter . . . and Helena, Lord Lafew F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Would, for the Kings sake, hee were liuing! I thinke it
would be the death of the Kings diseafe. 21

Laf. How call'd you the man you speake of, Madam?

Mo. He was famous, fir, in his profession, and it was his
great right to be so: *Gerard de Narbon.* 24

Laf. He was excellent indeed, Madam! the King very
latelie spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: hee was
skilfull enough to haue liu'd stl, if knowledge could be fet
vp against mortallitie. 28

Rof. What is it (my good Lord) tne King languishes of?

Laf. A Fistula, my Lord.

Rof. I heard not of it before

Laf. I would it were not notorious. ¶ Was this Gentle-
woman the Daughter of *Gerard de Narbon?* 33

Mo. His sole childe, my Lord; and bequeathed to my ouer
looking. I haue those hopes of her good, that her education
promiseth: her dispositions shée inherits, which makes faire [36
gifts fairer; for where an vncleane mind carries vertuous
qualities, there commendations go with pitty; they are vertues
and traitors too: in her they are the better for their sim-
plesse: she derives her honestie, and atcheeues her goodnesse. 40

Lafew. Your commendations, Madam, get from her, teares.

Mo. 'Tis the best brine a Maiden can feason her praise in.
The remembrance of her father neuer approches her heart,
but the tirrany of her sorrowes takes all liuelihood from [44
her cheeke. ¶ No more of this, *Helena!* go to, no more!
leaff it be rather thought you affect a sorrow then to haue . . .

Hell. I doe 'affect a sorrow' indeed; but I haue it too!

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead;
excesse greefe the enemie to the liuing. 49

Mo. If the liuing be enemie to the greefe, the excesse makes
it foone mortall.

Rof. [kneeling] Maddam, I defire your holie wishes! 52

Laf. [aside] How vnderstand we that?

Mo. Be thou blest *Bertrame!* and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood and vertue
Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodnesse 56
Share with thy birth-right! Loue all, trust a few,

38. *are*] arc F.

I. i. 20-57.]

45. *to*] too F

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Doe wrong to none ; be able for thine enemie,
Rather in power then vse, and keepe thy friend
Vnder thy owne lifes key ; Be checkt for silence,
But neuer tax'd for speech ! What heauen more wil,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers plucke downe,
Fall on thy head ! [BER. rises] ¶ Farwell, my Lord!
'Tis an vnseason'd Courtier ; good my Lord,
Aduis him !

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his loue.

Mo. Heauen blesse him ! Farwell, *Bertram* !

Ro. The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts, be
seruants to you ! [Exit Countess. BER. to HEL.] Be comfort-
able to my mother, your Mistris, and make much of her !

Laf. Farewell, prettie Lady ! you must hold the credit of
your father. [Exeunt BERTRAM and LAFEW.]

Hell. O, were that all ! I thinke not on my father ;
And these great teares grace his remembrance more
Then those I shed for him. What was he like ?
I haue forgott him : My imagination
Carries no fauour in't but *Bertrams* !

I am vndone : there is no liuing, none,
If *Bertram* be away ! 'Twere all one,
That I should loue a bright particular starre,
And think to wed it, he is so aboue me !
In his bright radience and colaterall light,
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th'ambition in my loue thus plagues it selfe :
The hind that would be mated by the Lion,
Must die for loue. 'Twas prettie, though a plague.
To see him euerie houre ; to fit and draw
His archëd browes, his hawking eie, his curles,
In our hearts table ; heart too capeable
Of euerie line and tricke of his sweet fauour :
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancie
Must sanctifie his Reliques !—Who comes heere ?

One that goes with him : I loue him for his sake ;

And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
Thinke him a great way foole, folie a coward ;
Yet these fixt euils fit so fit in him,

60

64

67

72

76

80

84

88

92

96

All's Well, that Ends Well

That they take place, when Vertues steely bones
Lookes bleake i'th cold wind : withall, full ofte we see
Cold wifedome waighting on superfluous follie.

99

Enter PARROLLES.

Par. Saue you, faire Queene!

100

Hel. And you, Monarch!

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?

104

Hel. I. You haue some staine of fouldier in you: Let
mee aske you a question. Man is enemie to virginitie; how
may we barracado it against him?

Par. Keepe him out!

108

Hel. But he affailes; and our virginitie, though valiant, in
the defence yet is weak: vnfold to vs some warlike resist-
ance!

111

Par. There is none: Man, setting downe before you, will
vndermine you, and blow you vp.

Hel. Bleffe our poore Virginity from vnderminers and
blowers-vp! Is there no Military policy, how Virgins might
blow vp men?

116

Par. Virginity beeing blowne downe, Man will quicklier
be blowne vp: marry, in blowing him downe againe, with
the breach your felues made, you lose your City. It is not
politicke, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to preserue [120
virginity. Losse of Virginitie, is rationall encrease; and there
was neuer Virgin got, till virginitie was first lost. That you
were made of, is mettall to make Virgins. Virginitie, by
beeing once lost, may be ten times found; by being euer [124
kept, it is euer lost: 'tis too cold a companion; Away with't!

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a
Virgin.

127

Par. There's little can bee faide in't; 'tis against the rule
of Nature. To speake on the part of virginitie, is to accufe
your Mothers; which is most infallible disobedience! He that
hangs himselfe is¹ a Virgin: Virginitie murthers it selfe; [131
and should be buried in highwayes, out of all sanctified limit,

99. *Enter . . .*] F (after l. 92).

122. *got*] F2. goe F.

¹ *is* = *is as.*

All's Well, that Ends Well.

as a desperate Offendresse against Nature. Virginitie breeds mites, much like a Cheese; consumes it selfe to the very payring, and so dies with feeding his owne stomacke. [135 Besides, Virginitie is peeuish, proud, ydle, made of selfe-loue, which is the most inhibited finne in the Cannon. Keepe it not! you cannot choose but loose by't: Out with't! within the yeare it will make it selfe two, which is a goodly increase; [139 and the principall it selfe not much the worse. Away with't!

Hel. How might one do, fir, to loose it to her owne liking?

Par. Let mee fee: Marry, ill, to like him that ne're it likes! 'Tis a commodity wil lose the gloffe with lying; The [143 longer kept, the leſſe worth: Off with't while 'tis vendible! Anſwer the time of request! Virginitie, like an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of fashon; richly fited, but vnsuteable: iuft like the brooch & the toothpick, which were¹ not now. [147 Your Date is better in your Pye and your Porredge then in your cheeke: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our *French* wither'd peares; it lookeſ ill, it eates drily; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear; it was formerly better; [151 marry, yet 'tis a wither'd pear! Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet!²

There ſhall your Maſter haue a thouſand loues,
A Mother, and a Miftrefſe, and a friend, 155
A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy,
A guide, a Goddefſe, and a Soueraigne,
A Counſellor, a Traitoreſſe, and a Deare!
His humble ambition, proud humility; 159
His iarring concord, and his discord dulcet;
His faith, his sweet diſaſter: with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious chriſtendomes,
That blinking *Cupid* goffips! Now ſhall he . . . 163
I know not what he shall. God ſend him well!
The Courts a learning place, and he is one . . .

Par. What 'one,' iſaith?

Hel. That I wiſh well. 'Tis pitty . . .

Par. What's 'pitty?'

138. *the]* B. Nicholson. ten F.

¹ *were* = wear, are worn.

² Hanmer inserted *You're for the Court after yet.* But the discon-

tinuity in the text better marks Hel.'s abrupt outburst as to Bertram, of whom her heart and mind have all along been full.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer borne,
Whose bafer starres do shut vs vp in wishes,
Might vwith effects of them follow our friends,
And shew what vve alone must thinke; which neuer
Returns vs thankses.

171

173

Enter Page.

Pag. Monfieur *Parrolles*, my Lord cals for you! [Exit.

Par. Little *Hellen*, farewell! if I can remember thee, I will thinke of thee at Court.

Hel. Monfieur *Parolles*, you were borne vnder a charitable starre!

178

Par. Vnder *Mars*, I!

Hel. I especially thinke, 'vnder *Mars*.'

Par. Why 'vnder *Mars*?' 181

Hel. The warres hath so kept you 'vnder,' that you must needs be borne 'vnder *Mars*'

Par. When he was predominant!

Hel. When he was retrograde, I thinke, rather. 185

Par. Why thinke you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for aduantage. 188

Hel. So is running away, when feare proposes the safetie: but the composition, that your valour and feare makes in you, is a vertue of a good wing, and I like the weare well. 191

Paroll. I am so full of busineses, I cannot answere thee acutely. I will returne perfect Courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serue to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capeable of a Courtiers councell, and vnderstand what aduice shal^t [195 thrust vpon thee; else thou diest in thine vnthankfulnes, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell! When thou haft leyture, say thy prayers; when thou haft none, remember thy Friends! Get thee a good husband, and vse him as he vses thee! So, farewell! [Exit. 200

Hel. Our remedies oft in our felues do lye,
Which we ascribe to heauen: the fated skye 202

Gives vs free scope; onely doth backward pull
Our flow desigues, when we our felues are dull. 204

What power is it, which mounts my loue so hye;

I. i. 168-205.]

10

All's Well, that Ends Well.

That makes me see, and cannot feede mine eye ?	206
The mightiest space in Fortune, Nature brings	
To ioyne like likes, and kisse like native things.	208
Imposseble be strange attempts to those	
That weigh their paines in fence ; and do suppose	210
What hath beene, cannot be. Who euer stroue	
To shew her merit, that did misse her loue ?—	212
The Kings diseafe . . . My project may deceiue me,	
But my intents are fixt, and will not leauue me. [Exit.]	214

Actus Primus. Scena Secunda.

Paris. The KINGs Palace.

Flourish Cornets. Enter the King of France supported, with Letters : Lords and diuers Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by th'eares ;
Haue fought with equall fortune, and continue
A brauing warre.

1. *Lo. G. (the elder Dumaine)*¹ So tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, tis most credible ; we heere receiue it
A certaintie, vouch'd from our Cofin *Austria*,
With caution, that the *Florentine* will moue vs
For speedie ayde ; wherein our dearest friend
Preiudicates the busynesse, and would feeme
To haue vs make deniall.

1. *Lo. G.* His loue and wisedome.

Approu'd so to your Maiesfty, may pleade
For ampleft credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answser,
And *Florence* is deni'de before he comes:
Yet, for our Gentlemen that meane to see
The *Tuscan* seruice, freely haue they leauue
To stand on either part.

2. *Lo. E. (the younger Dumaine)* It well may serue
A nursserie to our Gentrie, who are fickle
For breathing, and exploit.

King. What's he comes heere.

1

4

8

12

16

¹ See note at end of play.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEW, and PAROLLES.

1. *Lor. G.* It is the Count *Rofignoll*, my good Lord,
Yong Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'ft thy Fathers face ;
Franke Nature, rather curious then in haft,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy Fathers morall parts,
Maist thou inherit too ! Welcome to *Paris* !

Ber. My thankes and dutie are your Maiesties.

Kin. I would I had that corporall foundneffe now,
As when thy father and my selfe, in friendship,
First tride our souldiership ! He did looke farre
Into the seruice of the time, and was
Discipled of the brauest : He lasted long ;
But on vs both did haggish Age steale on,
And wore vs out of act. It much repaires me
To talke of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obserue
To day in our yong Lords ; (but they may ieſt
Till their owne scorne returne to them vnnoted,
Ere they can hide their leuitie in honour,
So like a Courtier ;) contempt nor bitterneſſe
Were in his pride, or ſharpneſſe ; if they were,
His equall had awak'd them ; and his honour
(Clocke to it ſelfe) knew the true minute when
Exception bid him ſpeake, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand : Who were below him,
He vs'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low rankes,
Making them proud of his humilitie,
In their poore praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copie to these yonger times ;
Which, followed well, would démonſtrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, fir, 48
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe ;
So in approoſe liues not his Epitaph,
As in your royll speech.

King. Would I were with him ! He would alwaies say : 52

43. *And*] Aud (turned n) F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

(Me thinkes I heare him now ; his plauisue words
He scatter'd not in eares, but grafted them,
To grow there and to beare :) ' Let me not liue,'
(This his good melancholly oft began, 56
On the Catastrophe and heele of pastime,
When it was out,) ' Let me not liue ' (quoth hee)
' After my flame lackes oyle, to be the snuffe
Of yonger spirits, whose apprehensiuе fenses, 60
All but new things disdaine ; whose judgements are
Meere fathers of their garments ; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions ! ' This he wish'd :
I, after him, do after him wish too, 64
(Since I, nor wax nor houie can bring home,)
I quickly were dissoluëd from my hiue,
To give some Laborers roome.

L. z. E. You'r louëd, Sir,
They, that least lend it you, shall lache you first. 68
Kin. I fill a place, I know't. ¶ How long ist, Count,
Since the Physitian at your fathers died ?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some fix moneths since, my Lord.
Kin. If he were living, I would try him yet ; 72 [out
([To Attendants.] Lend me au arme !) the rest haue worne me
With feuerall applications : Nature and ficknesse
Debate it at their leisire. Welcome, Count !
My sonne's no deerer.

Ber. Thanke your Maiesty ! 76
[*E eunt. Flourish.*]

Actus Primus. Scena Tertia.

Rossillion. The Counts Palace.

*Enter Countesse, Steward (RYNALDO), and Clowne
(LAUATCH) behind.*

Coun. I will now heare : What say you of this gentlewoman ? 2

Ste. Maddam, the care I haue had to euen your content, I
wish might be found in the Kalender of my past endeouours ;

76. *Exeunt.*] Exit. F.

13

[I. ii. 53-76 ; iii. 1-4.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

for then we wound our Modestie, and make foule the clearnesse of our deseruings, when of our selues we publish them. 6

Coun. [seeing Clo.] What doe's this knaue heere? ¶ Get you gone, firra! the complaints I haue heard of you, I do not all beleue: 'tis my flownesse that I doe not; for I know you lacke not folly to commit them, & haue abilitie enough to make such knaueries yours. 11

Clo. 'Tis not vnknown to you, Madam, I am a poore fellow.

Coun. Well, sir!

Clo. No, maddam! 'tis not so 'well' that I am poore; though manie of the rich are damn'd: but, if I may haue your Ladiships good will to 'goe to the world,' *Isbell* the woman and I will doe as we may. 18

Coun. Wilt thou needes be a begger?

Clo. I doe beg your good will in this case.

Cou. In what case?

Clo. In *Isbells* case and mine owne. 'Seruice is no heritance:' and I thinke I shall never haue the blessing of God, till I haue issue a my bodie; for they say, 'barnes are blessings.' 25

Cou. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marrie?

Clo. My poore bodie, Madam, requires it: I am driuen on by the flesh; and 'hee must needes goe, that the diuell driues.' 29

Cou. Is this all your worships reason?

Clo. Faith, Madam, I haue other holie reasons, such as they are.

Cou. May the world know them?

Clo. I haue beeene, Madam, a wicked creature, (as you and all flesh and blood are;) and, indeede, I doe marrie that I may repent.

Cou. Thy marriage, sooner then thy wickednesse!

Clo. I am out a friends, Madam; and I hope to haue friends for my wifes sake.

Cou. Such friends are thine enemies, knaue!

Clo. Y're shallow, Madam, in great friends; for the knaues come to doe that for me which I am a wearie of. He,

All's Well, that Ends Well.

that eres my Land, spares my teame, and giues mee leauue to
Inne the crop ; if I be his cuckold, hee's my drudge : he [44
that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood ;
hee that cherishes my flesh and blood, loues my flesh and
blood ; he that loues my flesh and blood, is my friend : *ergo*,
he that kisstes my wife is my friend. If men could be [48
contented to be what they are, there were no feare in marriage ;
for yong *Charbon* the Puritan, and old *Poyfam* the Papift, how-
somere their hearts are feuer'd in Religion, their heads are
both one ; they may ioule horns together like any Deare i'th
Herd. 53

Cou. Wilt thou euer be a foule-mouth'd and calumnious
knaue ?

Clo. A Prophet, I, Madam ; and I speake the truth the
next waie : 57

*For I the Ballad will repeate,
Which men full true shall finde ;
Your marriage comes by destinee,
Your Cuckow sings by kinde.* 61

Cou. Get you gone, fir ! Ile talke with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, Madam, that hee bid *Hellen* come
to you : of her I am to speake.

Cou. Sirra ! tell my gentlewoman I would speake with her ;
Hellen, I meane. 66

Clo. [sings] ‘ *Was this faire face the cause,*’ quoth she,
‘ *Why the Grecians sackēd Troy ?* ’

Fond done, done fond,
‘ *Was this King Priams ioy ?* ’ 70
With that she fighēd as she flood, [bis.]
‘ *And gave this sentece then :*
‘ *Among nine bad, if one be good,*
‘ *Among nine bad, if one be good,*
‘ *There’s yet one good in ten.* ’ 75

Cou. What, ‘ one good in tenne ?’ you corrupt the song,
sirra ! 77

Clo. One good woman in ten, Madam ; which is a purify-
ing ath'song : would God would ferue the world fo all the
yeere ! wee'd finde no fault with the tithe woman if I were

All's Well, that Ends Well.

the Parson. 'One in ten,' quoth a! And wee might [81 haue a good woman borne but ore¹ euerie blazing starre, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Lotterie well: a man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one. 84

Cou. Youle begone, sir knaue, and doe as I command you!

Clo. That man should be at womans command, and yet no hurt done! (Though honeffie be no Puritan, yet it will doe no hurt; it will weare the Surplis of humilitie ouer the [88 Blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart.) [*Cou. menaces him.*] I am going, forsooth: the businesse is for *Helen* to come hither. [*Exit.*]

Cou. Well, now

Stew. I know, Madam, you loue your Gentlewoman intirely. 93

Cou. Faith, I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to mee; and she her selfe, without other aduantage, may lawfullie make title to as much loue as shee findes: there is more owing her then is paid; and more shall be paid her then sheele demand. 97

Stew. Madam, I was (verie late) more neere her then I thinke shee wisht mee: alone shee was, and did communicate to her selfe her owne words to her owne eares; shee thought (I dare vowe for her) they toucht not anie stranger fencie. [101 Her matter was, shee loued your Sonne: Fortune, shee said, was no goddesse, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Loue no god, that would not extend his might, onelie where qualities were leuell; *Diana no* Queene of [105 Virgins, that would suffer her poore Knight surpris'd, without rescue in the first assault or ransome afterward! This shee deliuer'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaine in: which I held my dutie speedily to [109 acquaint you withall; fithence, in the losse that may happen, it concernes you someting to know it. 111

Cou. You haue discharg'd this honestlie; keepe it to your selfe! manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this before, which hung so tottring in the ballance, that I could neither beleue nor misdoubt. Praie you, leaue mee: stalle this in your [115 bosome; and I thanke you for your honest care! I will speake with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*]

Old. Cou. Euen so it vvwas vvith me when I was yong: 118

¹ ?ore = or, before · or = over. 105. *Diana no*] Theobald.
I. iii. 81-118.] 16

All's Well, that Ends Well.

If euer vve are Natures, these are ours ; this thorne
Doth to our Rose of youth rightlie belong ; 120
Our bloud to vs, this to our blood, is borne ; 121
It is the shew, and feale of Natures truth,
Where Loues strong passion is imprest in youth : 123
By our remembrances of daies forgon,
Such were our faults,—or then we thought them none. 125

Enter HELLEN.

Her eie is fickle on't : I obserue her now.

Hell. What is your pleasure, Madam ?

Ol. Cou. You know, *Hellen*,
I am a mother to you. [*HEL.* starts.]

Hell. Mine honorable Mistris !

Ol. Cou. Nay, a mother : 129
Why not a mother ? When I fed, 'a mother,'
Me thought you saw a serpent : what's in 'mother,'
That you start at it ? I say, I am your 'mother' ;
And put you in the Catalogue of those 133
That were enwombēd mine : 'tis often seene,
Adoption striues vvith Nature ; and choise breedes
A natvie slip to vs from forraine seedes : 136
You nere opprest me with a mothers groane,
Yet I exprefse to you a mothers care !——
(Gods mercie, maiden !) dos it curd thy blood
To say, I am thy 'mother' ? What's the matter, 140
That this distempered messenger of wet,
The manie colour'd *Iris*, rounds thine eye ?
——Why, that you are my daughter ?

Hell. That I am not

Old. Cou. I say, I am your Mother !

Hell. Pardon, Madam !

The Count *Rofillion* cannot be my brother : 145
I am from humble, he from honored name ;
No note vpon my Parents, his all noble :
My Master, my deere Lord he is ; and I
His seruant liue, and will his vassall die ! 149
He must not be my brother !

120. *rightlie*] righlie F.

125. *Enter Hellen.*] F (after l. 117).

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Ol. Cou.

Nor I your Mother?

Hell. You are my mother, Madam; would you were
(So that my Lord, your sonne, were not my brother)
Indeede my 'mother'! or were you both our mothers, 153
I care no more for, then I doe for heauen,
So I were not his sister! Can't no other,
But I your daughter, he must be my 'brother'? 156

Old. Cou. Yes, *Hellen*, you might be my daughter in law:
God shield you meane it not! 'daughter' and 'mother'
So strie vpon your pulse. What, pale agen?
My feare hath catcht your fondnesse! now I see 160
The mistrie of your lonelinessse! and finde
Your falt teares head! now to all fence 'tis grofle,
You loue my sonne! inuention is ashame'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passioun, 164
To say thou doost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so! for, looke, thy cheeke
Confesse it, 'ton to th'other; and thine eies
See it so grofely showne in thy behauours, 168
That in their kinde they speake it: onely finne
And hellish obstinacie tye thy tongue,
That truth shoulde be suspected! Speake! ift so?
If it be so, you haue wound a goodly clewe; 172
If it be not, forswear'e't! how ere I charge thee,
As heauen shall worke in me for thine auiale,
To tell me truelie!

Hell. Good Madam, pardon me!

Cou. Do you loue my Sonne?

Hell. Your pardon, noble Mistris! 176

Cou. Loue you my Sonne?

Hell. Doe not you 'loue' him, Madam?

Cou. Goe not about! my loue hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: Come, come! disclose
The state of your affection! for your passiouns 180
Haue to the full appeach'd.

Hell. Then, I confessse,
Here on my knee, before high heauen and you,

161. *lonelinessse*] Theobald. loue- | 167. *'ton to th'other*] 'ton tooth to
linesse (turned *n*) F. | th'other F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

That before you, and next vnto high heauen, I loue your Sonne !	184
My friends were poore, but honest ; so's my loue : Be not offended ! for it hurts not him,	
That he is lou'd of me : I follow him not By any token of presumptuous suite ;	188
Nor would I haue him till I doe deferue him ; Yet neuer know how that desert shoule be !	
I know I loue in vaine, ftrive against hope ; Yet, in this captious, and intenible Siue,	192
I still poure in the waters of my loue, And lacke not to loose stile : thus, <i>Indian-like</i> ,	
Religious in mine error, I adore The Sunne, that lookes vpon his worshipper,	196
But knowes of him no more. My dearest Madam, Let not your hate encounter with my loue,	
For louing where you doe ; but, if your selfe, Whose aged honor cites a vertuous youth,	200
Did euer, in so true a flame of liking, Wish chasty, and loue dearely, that your <i>Dian</i>	
Was both her selfe and Loue, O, then, giue pittie	203
To her, whose stafe is such, that cannot choose But lend and giue where she is sure to loose ;	205
That seekes not to finde that her search implies, But, riddle like, liues sweetely where she dies !	207
<i>Cou.</i> Had you not lately an intent, (speake truely !) To goe to <i>Paris</i> ?	
<i>Hell.</i> Madam, I had.	
<i>Cou.</i> Wherefore ? tell true !	
<i>Hell.</i> I will tell truth ; by Grace it selfe, I sweare !	
You know my Father left me some prescriptions Of rare and prou'd effects, such as his reading,	211
And manifeſt experience, had collected For generall soueraigntie ; and that he wil'd me	
In heedfull'ſt reſeruation to beſtow them,	215
As notes, whose faculties inclufive were,	
More then they were in note : Amongſt the reſt,	
There is a remedie, approu'd, ſet downe,	

192. *intenible*] F2. *intemible* F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The King is render'd loft. 219

Cou. This was your motiue
For *Paris*, was it? speake!

Hell. My Lord, your sonne, made me to think of this;
Else *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King, 223
Had, from the conuersation of my thoughts,
Happily¹ beene absent then.

Cou. But thinke you, *Hellen*,
If you should tender your supposēd aide,
He would receiue it? He and his Phisitions
Are of a² minde; he, that they cannot helpe him;
They, that they cannot helpe: how shall they credit
A poore vnlearnēd Virgin, when the Schooles
(Embowel'd of their doctrine) haue left off 231
The danger to it selfe?

Hell. There's something in't
More then my Fathers skill, (which was the great'ft
Of his profesfion,) that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacie, be sanctified
Byth' luckieſt ſtarſ in heauen: and, would your honor
But give me leauē to trie ſucceſſe, I'de venture
The well-loſt life of mine on his Graces cure,
By ſuch a day, and hour.

Cou. Doo'ft thou beleeue't? 239
Hell. I, Madam, knowingly.

Cou. Why, *Hellen*, thou ſhalt haue my leauē and loue,
Meanes and attendants, and my louing greetings
To thoſe of mine in Court! Ile ſtaie at home, 243
And praie Gods bleffing into thy attempt.
Begon to morrow, and be ſure of this,
What I can helpe thee to, thou ſhalt not miſſe! [Exeunt. 246]

¹ Happily = Haply.

² a = one.

239. and] an F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Aetus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Paris. The KING'S Palace.

*Enter the KING, supported; with divers yong Lords taking
leue for the Florentine warre: Count ROSSILLION,
PARROLLES and Attendants. Florish Cornets.*

King. Farewell, yong Lords ; these warlike principles, x
Doe not throw from you ! ([*to Lords G. & E.*] and you, my
Lords, farewell !)

Share the aduice betwixt you! if both gaine, all
The guift aduice stretch it felfe as 'tis receiu'd,
And is enough for both. 4

Lord. G. 'Tis our hope, fir,
After well entred souldiers, to returne
And finde your Grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be! and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. ¶ Farwell, yong Lords!
Whether I liue or die, be you the sonnes
Of worthy French men! let higher Italy
(Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last Monarchy) fee that you come,
Not to woote honour, but to wed it; when
The brauest questant shrinkes, finde what you seeke,
That Fame may cry you loud! I say, farewell!

L. E. Health, at your bidding, serue your Maiesy !

King. Those girles of *Italy*, take heed of them!
They say, our *French* lacke language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being Captiues
Before you serue! 20

Bo. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell! [To Attendants.] Come hether to me!

[Exit, supported.

I. Lo. G. Oh my sweet Lord, that you wil stay behind vs!

Parr. 'Tis not his fault, the spark!

Journal of Management Education 36(7) 839-859 © 2012 Sage Publications

Count . . .] Count, Rosse, and Parrolles. 18. L. E.] L. G. F.

21 [II. i. I-24.]

All's Well, that Ends Well.

2. *Lo. E.*

Oh, 'tis braue warres ! 25

Parr. Most admirable ! I haue seene those warres.

Roffill. I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with

'Too young', and 'the next yeere', and "'tis too early'. 28

Parr. And thy minde stand to't, boy, steale away brauely !

Roffill. I shal stey here the for-horse to a smocke,

Creeking my shooes on the plaine Mafonry,

Till honour be bought vp, and no fword worne 32

But one to dance with ! By heauen, Ile steale away !

1. *Lo. G.* There's honour in the theft !

Parr. Commit it, Count !

2. *Lo. E.* I am your acceſſary ; and fo, farewell !

Rof. I grow to you, & our parting is a tortur'd body ! 36

1. *Lo. G.* Farewell, Captaine !

2. *Lo. E.* Sweet Mounſier *Parolles* !

Parr. Noble Heroes, my fword and yours are kinne !
Good sparkes and Iſtros, a word, good mettals ! You [40
ſhall finde in the Regiment of the *Spinij*, one Captaine
Spurio, his ſicatrice, with an Embleme of warre,¹ heere on his
finifter cheeke ; it was this very fword entrench'd it : ſay to
him I liue, and obſerue his reports for me ! 44

Lo. G. We ſhall, noble Captaine.

Parr. Mars doate on you for his nouices ! [Exeunt Lords.]

¶ What will ye doe ?

Roff. Stay ! the King ! 48

Re-enter KING, supported. *Ros.* and *PAR.* go apart.

Parr. Vfe a more spacious ceremonie to the Noble Lords ;
you haue reſtrain'd your ſelfe within the Lift of too cold an
adieu : be more exprefſive to them : for they weare them-
ſelues in the cap of the time ; there do muſter true gate, [52
eat, ſpeake, and moue vnder the influence of the moſt re-
ceu'd ſtarre ; and, though the deuill leade the meaſure, ſuch
are to be followed : after them, and take a more dilated
farewell ! 56

Roff. And I will doe fo !

Parr. Worthy fellowes ; and like to prooue moſt finewie
fword-men ! [Exeunt.

29. *to't*] too't F.

37. *Farewell!*] Farewill F.

¹ A patch or paſteſ.—B. Nichol-

ſon. Cp. IV. v. 87-89, pp. 75, 76.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Enter LAFEW.

L. Laf. [kneeling] Pardon, my Lord, for mee and for my tidings! 60

King. Ile fee thee to stand vp.

L. Laf. [rising] Then here's a man stands that has brought his pardon!

I would you had kneel'd, my Lord, to aske me mercy; And that, at my bidding, you could so stand vp! 64

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate, And askt thee mercy for't!

Laf. Good faith, a-crosse! but, my good Lord, 'tis thus; Will you be cur'd of your infirmite? 68

King. No!

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royll foxe? Yes, but you will my noble grapes, and if

My royll foxe could reach them: I haue seen a medicine, 72 That's able to breath life into a stome,

Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari, With sprightly fire and motion; whose simble touch Is powerfull to arayfe King Pippen, nay, To give great Charlemaine a pein in's hand, 76 And write to her a loue-line!

King. What 'her' is this?

Laf. Why, doctour She! My Lord, there's one arriu'd, 80 If you will see her: . . . now, by my faith and honour, (If seriously I may conuay my thoughts

In this my light deliuernance,) I haue spoke With one, that, in her fexe, her yeeres, profeffion, 84 Wifedome, and constancy, hath amaz'd mee more Then I dare blame my weakenesse! will you see her, (For that is her demand,) and know her businesse? That done, laugh well at me!

King. Now, good *Lafew*, 88 Bring in the admiration; that we with thee May spend our wonder too, or take off thine By wondring how thou tookst it.

Laf. Nay, Ile fit you,

61. *fee*] Theobald. see F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

And not be all day neither ! [Exit. 92
King. Thus he, his speciall nothing, euer prologues !

Re-enter LAFEW, with HELLEN.

Laf. Nay, come your waies !

King. This hafte hath wings indeed !

Laf. Nay, come your waies !

This is his Maiestie, say your minde to him ! 96

A Traitor you doe looke like ; but such traitors

His Maiesty feldome feares : I am *Creffeds* Uncle,

That dare leue two together ; far you well ! [Exit.

King. Now, faire one, do's your busines follow vs ? 100

Hel. I, my good Lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father ;

In what he did professe, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praiſes towards him ; 104

Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death,

Many receits he gaue me, chieflie one,

Which, (as the deareſt iſſue of his practice,

And, of his olde experience, th'onlie darling,) 108

He bad me flore vp, as a triple eye,

Safer then mine owne two, more deare : I haue ſo ;

And, hearing your high Maiefie is toucht

With that malignant caufe, wherein the honour

Of my deare fathers gift stands cheefe in power,

I come to tender it, and my appliance,

With all bound humblenesſe.

King. We thanke you, maiden ;

But may not be ſo credulous of cure, 116

When our moſt learnēd Doctors leauē vs ; and

The congregated Colledge haue concluded,

That labouring Art can neuer ransome Nature

From her inaydible eſtate : I ſay, we muſt not

So ſtaine our iudgement, or corrupt our hope,

To proſtitute our paſt-cure malladie

To émericks ; or to diſfeuer fo

123

93. *Re-enter . . . Hellen.] Enter Hellen. F (after 'come your waies,' l. 94).*

II. i. 92-123.]

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Our great selfe and our credit, to esteeme A fencelesse helpe, when helpe past fence we deeme !	125
<i>Hell.</i> My dutie then shall pay me for my paines : I will no more enforce mine office on you ; Humbly intreating from your royll thoughts	
A modest one, to beare me backe againe.	129
<i>King.</i> I cannot giue thee lesse, to be cal'd gratefull : Thou thoughtſt to helpe me ; and ſuch thankes I giue, As one neere death to thoſe that wiſh him liue :	132
But, what at full I know, thou knowſt no part ; I knowing all my perill, thou no Art.	134
<i>Hell.</i> What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try Since you ſet vp your reſt 'gainſt remedie.	136
He that of greatest workeſ is finisher, Oft doeth them by the weakest minister :	138
So holy Writ in babes hath iudgement showne, When Judges haue bin babes ; great flouds haue flowne	140
From ſimplē ſources ; and great Seas haue dried, When Miracles haue by the greatest beene denied.	142
Oft expectation failes, and moft oft there Where moft it promiſes ; and oft it hits,	
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpaire moft ſits.	145
<i>King.</i> I muſt not heare thee ! fare thee wel, kind maide ! Thy paines, not vs'd, muſt by thy ſelfe be paid :	147
Proffers, not tooke, reape thanks for their reward.	
<i>Hel.</i> Inſpirēd Merit ſo by breath is bard : It is not ſo with Him that all things knowes,	149
As 'tis with vs that ſquare our gueſſe by ſhowes ;	151
But moft it is presumption in vs, when The help of heauen we count the act of men.	153
Deare fir, to my endeauours give conſent ! Of heauen, not me, make an experiment !	155
I am not an Impoſture, that proclaime My ſelfe againſt the leuill of mine aime ;	
But know I thiſke, and thiſke I know moft ſure,	157
My Art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.	159

142. *greatest*] Theobald. *great'ſt* | (Theobald conj.). shifts F.
F. Theobald also read *mir'cles* | 156. *Impoſture*] Impoſtrue F.
for *miracles*. | *Impoſtor* F3.

145. *sits*] Pope. fits Collier

All's Well, that Ends Well.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The great'ft Grace lending grace, 161
Ere twice the horses of the funne shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring; 163
Ere twice, in murke and occidentall dampe,
Moist *Hesperus* hath quench'd her¹ sleepy Lampe; 165
Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glasse
Hath told the theeuish minutes, how they passe; 167
What is infirme, from your sound parts shall flie,
Health shall liue free, and fickenesse freely dye. 169

King. Vpon thy certainty and confidence
What dar'ft thou venter?

Hell. Taxe of impudence, 171
A strumpets boldnesse, a divulgēd shame,
Tradnc'd by odious ballads! my maidens name 173
Seard otherwife; ne,² worse of worst extended,
With vildest torture, let my life be ended! 175

Kin. Methinks in thee fome bleffēd spirit doth speak
His powerfull sound within an organ weake! 177
And what impossibility would slay
In common fence, fence faues another way. 179
Thy life is deere; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate; 181
Youth, beauty, wisedome, courage, all
That happines and prime can happy call: 183
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate. 185
Sweet practiser, thy Phyficke I will try,
That ministres thine owne death, if I die! 187

Hel. If I breake time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, vnpittied let me die, 189
And well deferu'd! not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I helpe, what doe you promise me? 191

Kin. Make thy demand!

Hel. But will you make it euen?

Kin. I, by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe!³

161. *great'st*] Capell. greatest F.

¹ *her*] F. his Rowe. But Hes- | ² *ne* = nay.
perus, the evening star, is Venus. | ³ *helpe*] F. heaven Thirlby, to
II. i. 160-193.] 26 preserve the sequence of couplets.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

<i>Hel.</i> Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,	
What husband in thy power I will command :	195
Exempted be from me the arrogance	
To choose from forth the royll blood of <i>France</i> ,	197
My low and humble name to propagate	
With any branch or image of thy state ;	199
But such a one, thy vassall, whom I know	
Is free for me to aske, thee to bestow.	201
<i>Kin.</i> Heere is my hand ! the premises obseru'd,	
Thy will, by my performance shall be seru'd :	203
So make the choice of thy owne time ; for I,	
Thy résolv'd Patient, on thee still relye :	205
More shoud I queſtione thee, and more I muſt,	
(Though more to know, could not be more to truſt,) 207	
From whence thou camſt, how tended on : but reſt,	
Vnqueſtione'd, welcome ; and vndoubted, bleſt.	209
¶ Give me ſome helpe heere, hoa ! ¶ If thou proceed	
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed !	211
[Florish. <i>Exeunt.</i> <i>The KING supported.</i>]	

Actus Secundus. Scena Secunda.

Rossillion. The COUNTS Palace.

Enter Countefie and Clowne.

Lady (Countess). Come on, fir ; I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding !

Clown. I will thew my felfe highly fed, and lowly taught : I know my bufineſſe is but to the Court.

Lady. 'To the Court' ! why, what place make you ſpeciall, when you put off that with ſuch contempt ? 'But to the Court' !

Clo. Truly, Madam, if God haue lent a man any man- [8 ners, hee may eaſilie put it off at Court : hee that cannot make a legge, put off's cap, kiffe his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap ; and, indeed, ſuch a fellow, to ſay preſcify, were not for the Court : but, for [12 me, I haue an anſwre will ſerue all men.

211. *Exeunt.] Exit. F.*

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Lady. Marry, that's a bountifull answere, that fits all questions!

Clo. It is like a Barbers chaire, that fits all buttockes; [16 the pin buttocke, the quatich-buttocke, the brawn buttocke, or any buttocke.

Lady. Will your answere serue fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Atturney, [20 as your French Crowne for your taffety punke, as *Tibs* rush for *Toms* fore-finger, as a pancake for Shroue-tuesday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole, the Cuckold to his horne, as a scolding queane to a wrangling knaue, as [24 the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Lady. Haue you, I say, an answere of such fitnesse for all questions? 28

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your Constable, it will fit any question.

Lady. It must be an answere of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands. 32

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speake truth of it: heere it is, and all that belongs to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier; it shall doe you no harme to learne! 36

Lady. To be young againe, if we could! I will bee a foole in question, hoping to bee the wifer by your answere. 'I pray you, sir, are you a Courtier?'

Clo. 'O Lord, sir!' . . . (There's a simple putting off! more, more, a hundred of them!) 41

La. 'Sir, I am a poore friend of yours, that loues you.'

Clo. 'O Lord, sir!' . . . (Thicke, thicke, spare not me!)

La. 'I thinke, fir, you can eate none of this homely meate?'

Clo. 'O Lord, sir!' . . . (Nay, put me to't, I warrant you!)

La. 'You were lately whipt, fir, as I thinke.' 46

Clo. 'O Lord, sir!' . . . (Spare not me!)

La. Doe you crie, 'O Lord, sir!' at your whipping, and 'spare not me?' Indeed, your 'O Lord, sir!' is very fequent to your whipping: you would answere very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't! 51

33. *trifle*] trifle F.

39. *I pray you*] *La.* I pray you F. | 45. *to't*] too't F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Clo. I nere had worse lucke in my life in my 'O Lord, fir!' I see things may serue long, but not serue euer!

La. I play the noble huswife with the time, to entertaine it so merrily with a foole! 55

Clo. 'O Lord, fir!' . . . (Why, there't serues well agen!)

La. An end, fir! to your businesse! Gue *Hellen* this!

[*Glues a Letter.*

And vrge her to a present answere backe;
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my sonne: 59
This is not much!

Clo. 'Not much' commendation to them.

La. 'Not much' imployment for you: you vnderstand me?

Clo. Moft fruitfully: I am there, before my legges.

La. Haſt¹ thou agen! [Exeunt. 64

Actus Secundus. Scena Tertia.

Paris. The KING's Palace.

Enter Count ROSSILLION, LAFEW, and PAROLLES.

Old Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we haue our Philosophicall persons, to make moderne and familiar, things ſupernaturall and caufeſteſe. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; enfconcing our felues into ſeeming knowledge, when we ſhould submit our felues to an vnknowne feare. 6

Par. Why, 'tis the rareſt argument of wonder, that hath ſhot out in our latter times!

Rof. And ſo 'tis!

Ol. Laf. To be relinquift of the Artifts, . . . 10

(*Par.* So I ſay; both of *Galen* and *Paracelſus*!)

Ol. Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellowes, . . .

(*Par.* Right! ſo I ſay.)

Ol. Laf. That gaue him out incurable, . . .

(*Par.* Why, there 'tis! ſo ſay I too.)

Ol. Laf. Not to be help'd, . . .

(*Par.* Right! as 'twere a man affur'd of a . . .)

57. *An*] Rowe (ed. 2). And F. 63. *legges*] legeſgs F.

¹ *Hast* = Haste.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Ol. Laf. Vncertaine life, and fure death. 18
(*Par.* Iust! you say well; so would I haue said!)
Ol. Laf. I may truly say, it is a noueltie to the world!
Par. It is, indeede, if you will haue it in shewing; you shall
reade it in . . . what do ye call there? 22
Ol. Laf. A 'shewing' of a heauenly effect in an earthly Actor.
Par. That's it! I would haue said the verie same.
Ol. Laf. Why, your Dolphin¹ is not lustier: fore mee, I
speake in respect . . . 26
Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very straunge, that is the breefe
and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facinerious spirite, that
will not acknowledge it to be the . . .
Ol. Laf. Very hand of heauen . . . 30
Par. I! so I say.
Ol. Laf. In a most weake . . .
Par. And debile minifter, great power, great trancendence;
which shoule, indeede, giue vs a further vie to be made, then
alone the recou'ry of the King, as to bee . . . 35
Old Laf. Generally thankfull.
Par. I would haue said it; you say well. Heere comes
the King! 38

Enter KING, HELLEN, and Attendants.

Ol. Laf. 'Lustique,'² as the Dutchman saies! Ile like a
maide the better whil'st I haue a tooth in my head: why,
he's able to leade her a Carranto!

Par. *Mort du vinaigre!* is not this Helen? 42

Ol. Laf. Fore God, I thinke so!

King. Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court!

[*Exit an Attendant.*

¶ Sit, my Preseruer, by thy patients fide;
And with this healthfull hand, whose banisht fence 46
Thou haft repeal'd, a seconde time receyue
The confirmation of my promis'd guift,
Which but attends thy naming!

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

Faire Maide, send forth thine eye! this youthfull parcell 50

¹ *Dolphin* = Dauphin. | or Delicious.—Hexham, 1660.

² *Lustigh*, Pleasant, Delightfull, | 42. *Mort du vinaigre*] Mor du

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Of Noble Batchellors, stand at my bestowing,
Ore whom, both Soueraigne power and fathers voice
I haue to vse : thy franke election make !

Thou haft power to choose, and they none to forsake ! 54

Hel. [to Lords] To each of you, one faire and vertuous
Miftris,

Fall, when Loue please ! marry, to each but one !

Old Laf. I'de giue bay *Curtall*, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken then these boyes, 58
And writ as little beard !

King. Peruse them well !
Not one of thosse but had a Noble father.

[She addresseth her to the Lords.]

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heauen hath, through me, restor'd the King to health. 62

All. We vnderstand it, and thanke heauen for you !

Hel. I am a fimple Maide ; and therein wealthiest,
That I protest I simply am a Maide !—
¶ Pleafe it your Maiestie, I haue done already ! 66
The blushes in my cheeke thus whisper mee,
'We blush that thou shouldest chooſe ; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death fit on thy cheeke for euer ; 69
Wee'l nere come there againe !'

King. Make choiſe ; and, fee,
Who ſhuns thy loue, ſhuns all his loue in mee ! 71

Hel. Now, *Dian*, from thy Altar do I fly ;
And to imperiall Loue, that God moſt high, 73
Do my fighes ſtreame !—[To 1. Lo.] Sir, wil you heare my ſuite ?

1. *Lo.* And grant it.

Hel. Thankes, fir ; all the reſt is mute ! 75
Ol. Laf. I had rather be in this choiſe then throw Ameface for my life !

Hel. [to 2. Lo.] The honor, fir, that flames in your faire eyes,
Before I ſpeake, too threateningly replies : 79
Loue make your fortunes twentie times aboue
Her that ſo wiſhes, and her humble loue ! 81

2. *Lo.* No better, if you pleafe.

Hel. My wiſh receiue,
Which great Loue grant, and ſo I take my leauue ! 83

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Ol. Laf. Do all they denie her? And they were sones of
mine, I'de haue them whip'd; or I would send them to'th
Turke, to make Eunuches of! 86

Hel. [to 3. Lo.] Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
Ile never do you wrong for your owne sake! 88
Blessing vpon your vowes! and in your bed
Finde fairer fortune, if you euer wed! 90

Old Laf. These boyes are boyes of Ice; they're none haue
her: sure, they are bastards to the *English*; the *French* nere
got em. 93

La. (Hel.) [to 4. Lo.] You are too young, too happie, and
too good, 95
To make your selfe a sonne out of my blood!

4. *Lord.* Fair one! I thinke not so!

Ol. Lord. (Laf.) There's one grape yet: I am sure thy father
drunke wine! But if thou be'ft not an affe, I am a youth of
fourteene; I haue knowne thee already! 99

Hel. [to BERTRAM] I dare not say I take you; but I giue
Me and my seruice, euer whilst I liue 101
Into your guiding power. ¶ This is the man!

King. Why, then, young *Bertram*, take her! shee's thy
wife!

Ber. My 'wife'! my Leige? I shal beseech your highnes,
In such a busines, giue me leaue to vfe 105
The helpe of mine owne eies!

King. Know'ft thou not, *Bertram*,
What shee ha's done for mee?

Ber. Yes, my good Lord;
But never hope to know why I shoulde marrie her. 108

King. Thou know'ft shee ha's rais'd me from my sickly
bed.

Ber. But followes it, my Lord, to bring me downe
Must answere for your rais'ng? I knowe her well:
Shee had her breeding at my father's charge. 112
A poore Phyficians daughter, my wife! Disdaine
Rather corrupt me euer!

King. Tis onely title thou disdaintst in her, the which
I can build vp. Strange is it that our bloods,
Of colour, waight, and heat, pour'd all together, 116

92. *her*] heire F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Would quite confound distinction, yet stands off In differences so mighty ! If she bee All that is virtuous, (sau what thou dislik'ft, ' A poore Phisitians daughter,') thou dislik'ft Of vertue for the name : but doe not so ! From loweft ¹ place, whence virtuous things proceed, The place is dignified by th' doers deede :	120
Where great additions swell's, and vertue none, It is a dropfied honour : Good alone Is good, without a name ; Vilenesse is so :	124
The propertie, by what it is, shoud go, Not by the title. Shee is young, wife, faire ;	128
In these, to Nature shee's immediate heire ; And these breed honour : that is honours scorne,	130
Which challenges it selfe as honours borne, And is not like the fire : Honours thrive,	132
When rather from our acts we them deriuie, Then our fore-goers : the meere words, a flauie	134
Debos'h'd on euerie tombe, on euerie graue ; A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumbe,	136
Where dust, and damn'd obliuion, is the Tombe Of honour'd bones indeed ! What should be faide ?	138
If thou canst like this creature, as a maide, I can create the rest : Vertue, and shee,	140
Is her owne dower ; Honour, and wealth, from mee !	142
<i>Ber.</i> I cannot loue her, nor will strie to doo't !	
<i>King.</i> Thou wrong'ft thy selfe, if thou shold'ft strie to chooze.	
<i>Hel.</i> That you are well restor'd, my Lord, I'me glad :	
Let the rest go !	146
<i>King.</i> My Honor's at the stake !—Which to defeate, ² I must produce my power ! Heere, take her hand, Proud scornfull boy ! vnworthie this good gift, That doft in vile misprision shackle vp	150

¹ From lowest place, sc. from that lowest place.

^{128.} it is is F.

² Which to defeate ; that is, the dishonour which Ber.'s refusal will bring upon me, a thought unexpressed by the King. Or 'the

mere fact that the King's honour is at the stake, like a criminal, is in itself a dishonour, which to defeate, he says,—to defeat which dishonourable predicament,—I must produce my power.'—B. N.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

My loue, and her desert; that canst not dreame,
We (poizing vs in her defectiue scale)
Shall weigh thee to the beame; that wilt not know,
It is in Vs to plant thine Honour where 154
We please to haue it grow! Checke thy contempt!
Obey Our will, which trauailes in thy good!
Beleeue not thy disdaine, but presentlie
Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right 158
Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power clai mes;
Or I will throw thee from my care for euer
Into the staggers, and the carelesse lapſe
Of youth and ignorance; both my reuenge and hate 162
Loofing vpon thee, in the name of iustice,
Without all termes of pittie! Speake! thine anſwer!
Ber. Pardon, my gracious Lord! for I submit
My fancie to your eies: when I consider 166
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I finde that ſhe, which late
Was in my Nobler thoughts moft bafe, is now
The praiſed of the King; who, fo ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, borne ſo!
King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her ſhe is thine! to whom I promise
A counterpoize; If not to thy eſtate,
A ballance more repleat.
Ber. I take her hand. 174
Kin. Good fortune, and the fauour of the King,
Smile vpon this Contráct! whose Ceremonie
Shall feeme expedient on the now borne briefe,¹ 178
And be perform'd to night: the ſolemne Feaſt
Shall more attend vpon the coming ſpace,
Expecting abſent friends. ¶ As thou lou'ſt her,
Thy lou'e's to me Religious; elſe, do's erre! [Exeunt. 181
PAROLLES and LAFEW stay behind, commenting of this
wedding.

Laf. Do you heare, Monsieur? A word with you!

Par. Your pleaſure, fir.

Laf. Your Lord and Maſter did well to make his recantation

¹ The now created document, or Contract of Marriage.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Par. 'Recantation'? My 'Lord'? my 'Master'? 185

Laf. I! Is it not a Language I speake?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to bee vnderstoode without bloudie succeeding! My 'Master'!

Laf. Are you Companion to the Count *Rofillion*? 189

Par. To any 'Count'; to all Counts; to what is man!

Laf. To what is Counts man: Counts maister is of another stile. 192

Par. You are too old, sir! Let it satisfie you, you are too old!

Laf. I must tell thee, firrah, I write Man; to which title age cannot bring thee! 196

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did thinke thee, for two ordinaryes, to bee a prettie wise fellow; thou didst make tollerable vent of thy trauell; it might passe: yet the scarffes and the bannerets about thee [200 did manifoldlie disswade me from beleeueng thee a vessell of too great a burthen. I haue now found thee: when I loose thee againe, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking vp; and that thou'rt scarce worth. 204

Par. Hadst thou not the priuiledge of Antiquity vpon thee, . . . 206

Laf. Do not plundge thy selfe too farre in anger, leaft thou hasten thy triall; which if . . . Lord haue mercie on thee for a hen! So, my good window of Lettice, fare thee well! thy casement I neede not open, for I look through thee. Gue me thy hand! 211

Par. My Lord, you give me most egregious indignity!

Laf. I, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it!

Par. I haue not, my Lord, deseru'd it. 214

Laf. Yes, good faith, eu'r'v dramme of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple!

Par. Well, I shall be wiser . . .

Laf. Eu'n as soone as thou can'ft, for thou haft to pull at a smacke a'th contrarie! If euer thou bee'ft bound in thy skarfe and beaten, thou shall finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage! I haue a desire to holde my acquaint- [221 ance with thee, (or rather my knowledge,) that I may say, in the default, 'he is a man I know'!

207. *too*] to F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Par. My Lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell paines for thy sake, and my poore doing eternall! for doing, I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leaue! [Exit. 227]

Par. Well, thou hast a sonne shall take this disgrace off me; scuruy, old, filthy, scuruy Lord! Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority! Ile beate him (by my life) if I can meeke him with any conuenience, [231 and he were double and double a Lord! Ile haue no more pittie of his age then I would haue of . . . Ile beate him, and if I could but meet him agen! 234

Re-enter LAFEW.

Laf. Sirra! your 'Lord' and 'master's' married! there's newes for you: you haue a new Mistris! 236

Par. I most vnfainedly beseech your Lordshippe to make some referuation of your wrongs. He is my good Lord: whom I serue aboue, is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. I, fir!

Laf. The deuill it is, that's thy master. Why dooeft thou garter vp thy armes a this fashiou? Dost make hose of thy sleevees? Do other seruants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose standis! By mine Honor, [245 if I were but two hours yonger, I'd beate thee! meethink'it thou art a generall offence, and euery man shold beate thee: I thinke thou waſt created for men to breath themſelues vpon thee! 249

Par. This is hard and vndeserued measure, my Lord!

Laf. Go, to, fir! you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranat; you are a vagabond, and no true trasteller! you are more fawcie with Lordes and honourable personages, then the Commission of your birth and [254 vertue giues you Heraldry! You are not worth another word, elſe I'de call you 'knaue'. I leaue you! [Exit.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then! good, very good! let it be conceal'd awhile! 258

251. *to*] too F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Enter Count Rossillion.

Rof. Vndone, and forfeited to cares for euer !

Par. What's the matter, sweet-heart ?

Rof. Although before the solemne Priest I haue sworne,
I will not bed her. 262

Par. What ! what, sweet heart ?

Rof. O my *Parrollés*, they haue married me !

Ile to the *Tuscan* warres, and neuer bed her !

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits 266
The tread of a mans foot ! to'th warres !

Rof. There's letters from my mother : What th'import is,
I know not yet. [warres !

Par. I, that would be knowne : to'th warrs, my boy, to'th
He weares his honor in a boxe vnfenee, 271

That hugges his kickie wickie heare¹ at home,

Spending his manlie marrow in her armes,
Which shoulde sustaine the bound and high curuet 274

Of *Marses* fierie steed ! To other Regions !

France is a stable ! wee, that dwell in't, Iades ;
Therefore, to'th warre !

Rof. It shall be so ! Ile send her to my house, 278
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,

And wherefore I am fled ; Write to the King
That which I durst not speake : His preuent gift

Shall furnish me to those *Italian* fields 282
Where noble fellowes strike. Warres is no strife

To the darke house, and the detested wife ! 284

Par. Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art sure ?

Rof. Go with me to my chamber, and aduise me !
Ile send her straight away : To morrow

Ile to the warres, she to her single forrow ! 288

Par. Why, these bals bound ; ther's noise in it ! Tis hard :
A yong man maried, is a man that's mard ! 290

Therefore away, and leaue her ; brauely go !

The King ha's done you wrong ; but, hush, 'tis so ! [Exeunt.

258. *Enter . . .*] F (after l. 256).

277. *to'th*] too'th F.

267. *to'th*] too'th F.

284. *detested*] Rowe. detected F.

270. *to'th . . . to'th*] too'th . . . 286. *aduise*] aduice F.

too'th F. 292. *Exeunt.*] Exit. F.

¹ *heare* = here.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Actus Secundus. Scena Quarta.

Paris. The KINGs Palace.

Enter HELENA and Clowne.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well? I

Clo. She is not 'well'; but yet she has her health: she's very merrie; but yet she is not 'well': but, thankes be giuen, she's very 'well', and wants nothing i'th world; but yet she is not 'well'. 5

Hel. If she be 'verie wel', what do's she ayle, that she's not verie well'? ?

Clo. Truly, she's 'very well,' indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What 'two things'? 9

Clo. One, that she's not in heauen, whether God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly! 12

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bleffe you, my fortunate Ladie!

Hel. I hope, fir, I haue your good will to haue mine owne good fortunes? 15

Par. You had my prayers to leade them on; and to keepe them on, haue them still! ¶ O, my knaue! how do's my old Ladie? 18

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say!

Par. Why, I say nothing! 21

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a mans tongue shakes out his masters vndoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to haue nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a verie little of nothing. 26

Par. Away! th'art a knaue!

Clo. You shoule haue said, fir, 'before a knaue, th'art a knaue'; that's, before me th'art a knaue: this had beeene truth, fir! 30

15. *fortunes*] Capell (Heath conj.). fortune F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Par. Go to ! thou art a wittie foole ; I haue found thee !

Clo. Did you finde me in your selfe, sir ? or were you taught to finde me ? The search, sir, was profitable ; and much Foole may you find in you, euen to the worlds pleasure, and the encrease of laughter !

35

Par. A good knaue, ifaith ! and well fed !

¶ *Madam,* my Lord will go awaie to night ;
A verie seriuous busynesse call's on him.

38

The great prerogatiue and rite of loue,
Which, as your due, time claimes, he do's acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint :
Whose want, and whose delay, is frewd' with sweets,
Which they distill now in the curbed time,
To make the comming houre oreflow with ioy,
And pleasure drowne the brim !

Hel. What's his will else ?

Par. That you will take your instant leauue a'th king, And make this haft as your owne good proceeding,
Strengthned with what Apologie you thinke
May make it probable neede.

Hel. What more commands hee ?

Par. That, hauing this obtain'd, you presentlie
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I waite vpon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you ! [Exit PAR.
¶ Come, firrah ! Exeunt. 54

Actus Secundus. Scena Quinta.

Paris. The KINGS Palace.

Enter LAFEW and BERTRAM.

Laf. But I hope your Lordshippe thinkes not him a fouldier ?

Ber. Yes, my Lord, and of verie valiant approofe.

Laf. You haue it from his owne deliuuerance !

4

31. *to* too F.

53. *Exit Par.*] F (after 50, l. 53).

33. *The search*] Clo. The search

54. *Exeunt.*] Exit. F.

F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Ber. And by other warranted testimonie !

Laf. Then my Diall goes not true ! I tooke this Larke for
a bunting !

Ber. I do assure you, my Lord, he is very great in know-
ledge, and accordingly valiant. 9

Laf. I haue, then, fynn'd against his experience, and
transgrest against his valour; and my state that way is
dangerous, fince I cannot yet find in my heart to repent.
Heere he comes ! I pray you, make vs friends ; I will pursue
the amitie. 14

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. [to *BER.*] These things shall be done, fir !

Laf. [to *BER.*] Pray you, fir, whose his Tailor ? 16

Par. Sir ?

Laf. O, I know him well : I, fir ; hee, fir, 's a good worke-
man ! a verie good Tailor !

(*Ber.* [aside to *PAR.*] Is shee gone to the king ? 20

Par. Shee is.

Ber. Will shee away to night ?

Par. As you'le haue her.

Ber. I haue writ my letters, casketted my treasure, 24
Giuen order for our horses ; and to night,
When I shoule take posseſſion of the Bride,
End, ere I doe begin ! 27

Laf. A good Trauailer is something at the latter end of a
dinner ; but one that lies three thirds, and vſes a known
truth to pasſe a thousand nothings with, ſhould bee once
hard,¹ and thrice beaten ! ¶ God faue you, Captaine ! 31

Ber. Is there any vnkindnes betweene my Lord and you,
Monſieur ?

Par. I know not how I haue deserued to run into my
Lords displeasure. 35

Laf. You haue made ſhift to run into't, bootes and ſpurres
and all, like him that leapt into the Cuftard ; and out of it
you'le runne againe, rather then ſuffer queſtione for your
refidence.

27. *End*] Collier (Egerton MS.). | 29. *one*] on F.
And F. | ¹ *hard* = heard.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Ber. It may bee you haue mistaken him, my Lord. 40

Laf. And shall doe so euer, though I tooke him at's
prayers! Fare you well, my Lord! and beleue this of me,
there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the soule of this
man is his cloathes: Trust him not in matter of heauie [44
consequence! I haue kept of them tame, & know their
natures. ¶ Farewell, Monsieur! I haue spoken better of you
then you haue or will to deserue at my hand; but we must
do good against euill. [Exit. 48

Par. An idle Lord, I sweare!

Ber. I thinke so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech 52
Giues him a worthy passe.—Heere comes my clog!

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I haue, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the King, and haue procur'd his leaue
For present parting; onely, he desires 56
Some priuate speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not meruaile, *Helen*, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministratiōn, and requirēd office 60
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a businesse; therefore am I found
So much vnsettled: This driues me to intreate you,
That presently you take your way for home, 64
And rather muse, then aske, why I intreat you;
For my respects are better then they seeme,
And my appointments haue in them a neede
Greater then shewes it selfe, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother! 68

[*Giuing a Letter.*

'Twill be two daies ere I shall see you; so,
I leaue you to your wisedome.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient seruant; . . . 72

(*Ber.* Come, come, no more of that!)

Hel. And euer shall

All's Well, that Ends Well.

With true obseruance seeke to eke out that,
Wherin toward me my homely starres haue fald
To equall my great fortune !

Ber. Let that goe !
My haft is verie great. Farwell ! Hie home !

76

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon !

Ber. Well, what would you say ?

Hel. I am not worthie of the wealth I owe,¹
Nor dare I say 'tis mine ; (and yet it is;) 80
But, like a timorous theefe, most faine would steale
What law does vouch mine owne.

Ber. What would you haue ?

Hel. Something ; and scarce so much : nothing, indeed. 84
I would not tell you what I would, my Lord :—
Faith, yes !

Strangers and foes do funder, and not kisse !

Ber. I pray you stay not, but in haft to horse ! 88

Hel. I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lord.

Ber. [to PAR.] Where are my other men, Monsieur ?

¶ Farwell !

[Exit HELENA.

Go thou toward home ; where I wil neuer come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or heare the drumme !

Away, and for our flight !

Par. Brauely, Coragio ! [Exeunt. 93

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Florence. The DUKES Palace.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, and the two Frenchmen (Lords G. & E.) ; with a troope of Souldiers.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now haue you heard 1
The fundamall reasons of this warre ;
Whose great decission hath much blood let forth

¹ *owe* = own.

90. *Where . . . Farwell !* Han-
mer (Theobald conj.) : continued
II. v. 74-93 ; III. i. 1-3.]

to Helena in F.

91. *Go thou ! Ber.* Go thou F.
Florence] Floreuce (turned *n*) F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

And more thirsts after.

i Lord. G. Holy feemes the quarrell 4
Vpon your Graces part; blacke and fearefull
On the oppofer.

Duke. Therefore we meruaile much, our Cosin *France*
Would, in so iuft a businesse, shut his bosome 8
Against our borrowing prayers.

French E. Good my Lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yeede
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a Counsaile frames, 12
By selfe-vnable motion; therefore dare not
Say what I thinke of it, since I haue found
My selfe in my incertaine grounds to faille
As often as I gueft.

Duke. Be it his pleasure. 16

Fren. G. But I am sure, the yonger of our nature,
That surfet on their ease, will, day by day,
Come heere for Physicke.

Duke. Welcome shall they bee!
And all the honors that can flye from vs, 20
Shall on them settle. ¶ You know your places well;
When better fall, for your auailles they fell: 22
To morrow to the field!

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

Actus Tertius. Scena Secunda.

Rossillion. The COUNTS Palace.

Enter Countesse with a Letter, and Clowne.

Count. It hath happen'd all, as I would haue had it, faue
that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young Lord to be a verie
melancholly man. 4

Count. By what obseruance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will looke vppon his boote, and sing; mend
the Ruffe and sing; aske questions and sing; picke his teeth,

4. i. *Lord. G.*] i. *Lord. F.*

23. *to the*] to'th the F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

and sing. I know a man that had this tricke of melancholy hold¹ a goodly Mannor for a song. 9

Lad. (Countess.) Let me fee what he writes, and when he meanes to come. [Opens Letter. 11

Clow. [aside] I haue no minde to *Isbell* since I was at Court. Our old Ling, and our *Isbels* a'th Country, are nothing like your old Ling and your *Isbels* a'th Court: the brains of my *Cupid's* knock'd out; and I beginne to loue, as an old man loues money, with no stomacke. 16

Lad. What haue we heere?

Clo. E'en that you haue there.

[Exit. 18

A Letter read by the Countess.

'I haue sent you a Daughter-in-Law: shee hath recovered the King, and undone me. I haue wedded her, not bedded her; and sworne to make the "not" eternall! You shall heare I am runne away: know it before the report come. If there bee bredth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance! My duty to you.

Your unfortunate sonne,
BERTRAM.'

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy ! 27
To flye the fauours of so good a King ;
To plucke his indignation on thy head ,
By the misprisning of a Maide too vertuous
For the contempt of Empire ! 31

Re-enter Clowne.

Clo. O Madam, yonder is heauie newes within, betweene two souldiers, and my yong Ladie !

La. What is the matter ? 34

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the newes, some comfort; your sonne will not be kild so soone as I thought he would.

La. Why should he be kill'd ? 38

Clo. So say I, Madame, if he runne away, as I heare he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the losse of men,

¹ hold = value. sold F3. 18. E'en] Theobald. In F.

40. to't] too't F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

though it be the getting of children ! Heere they come, will
tell you more ! For my part, I onely heare your sonne was
run away !

43

Enter HELLEN, and two Gentlemen (French E. & G.).

French E. Saeu you, good Madam !

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone ! for euer gone !

French G. Do not say so !

La. Thinke vpon patience ! ¶ Pray you, Gentlemen, 47
(I haue felt so many quirkes of joy and greefe,
That the first face of neither on the start

Can woman me vnto't,) Where is my sonne, I pray you ? 50

Fren. G. Madam, he's gone to serue the Duke of *Florence*.
We met him thitherward ; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend againe.

Hel. Looke on his Letter, Madam ; here's my Pasport ! 54

[Reads] ‘When thou canst get the Ring vpon my finger, (which
neuer shall come off,) and shew mee a childe begotten of thy
bodie, that I am father to, then call me husband : but in such
a “then” I write a “Neuer” !’ 59

This is a dreadfull sentence !

La. Brought you this Letter, Gentlemen ?

I. G. I, Madam ;
And, for the Contents sake, are forrie for our paines. 62

Old La. [to *HEL.*] I prethee, Ladie, haue a better cheere !
If thou engrossest all the greefes are thine,
Thou robft me of a moity : He was my sonne,
But I do wash his name out of my blood, 66
And thou art all my childe ! ¶ Towards *Florence*, is he :

Fren. G. I, Madam !

La. And to be a souldier ?

Fren. G. Such is his noble purpose : and, beleevn't,
The Duke will lay vpon him all the honor 70
That good conuenience claimes !

La. Returne you thither ?

Fren. E. I, Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

50. *vnto't*] vntoo't F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Hel. [reads] ‘*Till I haue no wife, I haue nothing in France.*’
‘Tis bitter!

La. Finde you that there?

Hel. I, Madame! 74

Fren. E. ‘Tis but the boldnesse of his hand haply, which his
heart was not consenting to!

Lad. ‘Nothing in *France*,’ vntill he haue no wife !
There’s nothing heere that is too good for him, 78
But onely she; and she deserues a Lord
That twenty fuch rude boyes might tend vpon,
And call her hourely, ‘*Mistris!*’ ¶ Who was with him ?

Fren. E. A feruant onely, and a Gentleman 82
Which I haue sometime knowne.

La. *Parolles*, was it not?

Fren. E. I, my good Ladie, hee.

La. A verie tainted fellow, and full of wickednesse!

My sonne corrupts a well deriuëd nature 86
With his inducement !

Fren. E. Indeed, good Ladie,
The fellow has a deale of that; too much
Which holds him¹ much to haue.

La. Y'are welcome, Gentlemen !
I will intreate you, when you see my sonne, 90
To tell him that his fword can neuer winne
The honor that he looses : more Ile intreate you
Written to beare along.

Fren. G. We serue you, Madam,
In that and all your worthiest affaires. 94

La. Not so ; but as we change our courtesies,
Will you draw neere? [*Exeunt. Manet HELENA.*]

Hel. ‘*Till I haue no wife, I haue nothing in France*’!
‘Nothing in *France*, vntill he has no wife’? 98
Thou shalt haue none, *Roffillion*, none in *France*;
Then haft thou all againe ! Poore Lord ! is’t I,
That chase thee from thy Countrie, and expose

76. *to*] too F.

83. *Which*] whch F.

¹ *holds him* = befits him. Par.
has ‘too much’ of ‘that’, sc. ‘wick-
ednesse’ (l. 85), which it befits him

to have much of. With the mean-
ing given to ‘holds him’, cp. *Hel.*’s
words at I. i. 96-97, pp. 7, 8.
96. *Exeunt.*] Exit. F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Those tender limbes of thine to the euent 102
 Of the none-sparing warre? And is it I
 That drue thee from the sportive Court, where thou
 Was't shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke
 Of smoakie Muskets? O you leaden messengers, 106
 That ride vpon the violent speede of fire,
 Fly with false ayme; moue the still-peering¹ aire
 That sings with piercing; do not touch my Lord!
 Who euer shoots at him, I set him there; 110
 Who euer charges on his forward brest,
 I am the Caitiffe that do hold him to't;
 And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
 His death was so effected! Better 'twere, 114
 I met the rauine Lyon when he roar'd
 With sharpe constraint of hunger; better 'twere,
 That all the miseries which Nature owes
 Were mine at once! No, come thou home, *Raffillion!* 118
 Whence honor but, of danger, winnes a scarre;
 As oft it looses all: I will be gone!
 My being heere it is, that holds thee hence:
 Shall I stay heere to doo't? No, no! although 122
 The ayre of Paradise did fan the house,
 And Angels offic'd all! I will be gone,
 That pittifull rumour may report my flight 125
 To console thine eare. Come night; end day!
 For with the darke (poore theefe) Ile steale away! [Exit. 127]

Actus Tertius. Scena Tertia.

Florence. Before the DUKES Palace.

Flourish. Enter, with Drum and Trumpets, the Duke of Florence, attended, ROSSILLION, PARROLLES, Officers, and Soldiers.

Duke [to BER.] The Generall of our horse thou art; and we, Great in our hope, lay our best loue and credence

¹ ? *still-peering* = ever-prying, and so pervading. Or the 'violent speede of fire' and the seeming stillness of the air are contrasted?

109. *sings*] fings F.

112. *to't*] too't F.

124. *Angels*] Angles F.

Flourish . . . Soldiers.] Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Rossillion, drum and trumpets, soldiers, Parrolles. F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Vpon thy promisifg fortune.

Ber.

Sir, it is

A charge too heauy for my strength ; but yet
Wee'l striue to beare it, for your worthy sake,
To th'extreme edge of hazard.

4

Duke. Then go thou forth ;
And Fortune play vpon thy prosperous helme,
As thy auspicious misbris !

[Exit DUKE to the Palace, attended.

Ber.

This very day, 8

Great Mars, I put my selfe into thy file :
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall proue
A louer of thy drumme, hater of loue ! [Exeunt omnes. 11

Actus Tertius. Scena Quarta.

Rossillion. The COUNTS Palace.

Enter Countesse & Steward.

La. (Countess.) Alas ! and would you take the letter of her ?
Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a Letter ? Reade it agen !

Letter (read by the Steward).

' I am S. Iaques Pilgrim, thither gone :

4

Ambitious loue hath so in me offended,

That bare-foot plod I the cold ground vpon,

With sainted vow my faults to haue amended.

7

Write, write, that, from the bloodie courfe of warre,

8

My dearest Majest, your deare sonne, may hie !

Bleffe him at home in peace, Whilst I from farre

11

His name with zealous feruour sanctifie !

His taken labours, bid him me forgiue ;

12

I, his defpightfull Juno, sent him forth

From Courty friends, with Camping foes to liue,

Where death and danger dogges the heeles of worth : 15

He is too good and faire for Death, and mee ,

Whom I my selfe embrase, to set him free ! ' 17

7. haue] hane (turned u) F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Ah, what sharpe stings are in her mildest words !
Rynaldo, you did never lacke aduice so much,
As letting her passe so : had I spoke with her,
I could haue well diuerted her intents,
Which thus she hath preuented !

21

Ste. Pardon me, Madam !
If I had giuen you this at ouer-night,
She might haue beeene ore-tane ; and yet she writes,
Purſuite would be but vaine.

La. What Angell shall
Blesſe this vnworthy husband ? he cannot thriue,
Vnleſſe her prayers, whom heauen delights to heare,
And loues to grant, repreue him from the wrath
Of greatest Inuſtice.—Write, write, *Rynaldo*,
To this vnworthy husband, of his wife !

29

Let euerie word waigh heauie of her worth,
That he does waigh too light ! my greatest greefe,
(Though little he do feele it,) ſet downe sharply !

33

Diſpatch the moſt conuenient meſſenger !
When haply he ſhall hearē that ſhe is gone,
He will returne ; and hope I may, that ſhee,
Hearing ſo much, will ſpeeđe her foote againe,
Led hither by pure loue : which of them both
Is deereſt to me, I haue no ſkill in fence
To make diſtinction : (prouide this Meſſenger !)
My heart is heauie, and mine age is weake ;
Greefe would haue teares, and forrow bids me ſpeakē !

37

42
[Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Quinta.

Florence. Without the Walls.

A Tucket afarre off. Enter an old Widdow of Florence, her daughter **DIANA**; **VIOLENTA** and **MARIANA**, with other Citizens.

Widdow. Nay, come ; for if they do approach the Citty, we ſhall looſe all the fight !

Diana. They ſay, the French Count has done moſt honourable ſeruice !

4

31. *worth*] worth F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their great'ft Commander; and that with his owne hand he slew the Duke's brother. [Tucket.] We haue lost our labour; they are gone a contrarie way! harke! you may know by their Trumpets! 8

Maria. Come! lets returne againe, and suffice our selues with the report of it. ¶ Well, *Diana*, take heed of this French Earle! The honor of a Maide is her name; and no Legacie is so rich as honestie. 12

Widdow. [to *DIA.*] I haue told my neighbour how you haue beene folicited by a Gentleman, his Companion. 14

Maria. I know that knaue; (hang him!) one *Parolles*: a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young Earle. Beware of them, *Diana*! their promises, entifements, oathes, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they [18 go vnder: many a maide hath beene seduced by them; and the miserie is, example, that so terrible shewes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot for all that disswade succession, but that they are limed with the twiggis that threatens them! [22 I hope I neede not to aduise you further; but I hope your owne grace will keepe you where you are, though there were no further danger knowne but the modeftie which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not neede to feare me. 26

Wid. I hope so.—Looke! here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lye at my house; thither they send one another: Ile question her.

Enter Hellen in pilgrim weeds.

¶ God saue you, pilgrim! whether are bound? 30

Hel. To S. *Iaques le Grand.*

Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the S. *Francis* heere, beside the Port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. I, marrie, ift! [A march afarre.] ¶ Harke you! they come this way. 34

¶ If you will tarrie, holy Pilgrime,
But till the troopes come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd; 38

29. *Enter . . . weeds.*] Enter | 35. *A march afarre.*] F (after
Hellen. F (after l. 26). | l. 34).

31. *le*] la F.

III. v. 5-38.]

All's Well, that Ends Well.

The rather, for I thinke I know your hostesse
As ample as my selfe.

Hel. Is it your selfe?

Wid. If you shall please so, Pilgrime.

Hel. I thanke you, and will stay vpon your leisure.

42

Wid. You came, I thinke, from *France*?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Heere you shall see a Countriman of yours,
That has done worthy seruice.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The Count *Roffillion*: know you such a one?

46

Hel. But by the eare, that heares most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsomere he is,

He's brauely taken heere. He stole from *France*,
(As 'tis reported,) for the King had married him
Against his liking. Thinkne you it is so?

50

Hel. I, surely, meere the truth: I know his Lady.

Dia. There is a Gentleman, that serues the Count,
Reports but courfely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

54

Dia. Monsieur *Parrolles*.

Hel. Oh, I beleue with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great Count himselfe, she is too meane
To haue her name repeated! all her deferuing
Is a referued honestie, and that
I haue not heard examin'd.

58

Dian. Alas, poore Ladie!

'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting Lord.

62

Wid. I write good creature: ¹ wheresoere she is,
Her hart waighes sadly: this yong maid might do her
A shrewd turne, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you meane?
May be the amorous Count solicites her
In the vnlawfull purpose?

66

Wid. He does, indeede;

¹ ? *write* = declare, assent that she is. Cp. 'I write Man,' II. iii.
195, p. 35.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

And brokes with all that can, in such a suite,
Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

70

Mar. The goddes forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:

Enter, with Drumme and Colours, Count Rossillion, PAR-
ROLLES, and the whole Armie.

That is *Anthonio*, the Dakes eldest sonne;
That, *Escalus*.

Hel. Which is the *Frenchman*?

Dia. Hee;

74

That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow!

I would he lou'd his wife! if he were honester

He were much goodlier. Is't not a handfom Gentleman?

Hel. I like him well!

78

Di. 'Tis pitty he is not honest: yond's that same knaeue
That leades him to these places: were I his Ladie,
I would poison that vile Rascall!

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That *Jacke-an-apes* with scarfes. Why is hee melan-

83

cholly?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'th battaile!

(*Par.* Loofe our drum! Well!)

Mar. He's shrewdly vext at someting. [*PAR. off-caps to*
them.] Looke! he has spyed vs.

87

Wid. Marrie, hang you!

Mar. And your curtefie, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt BER., PAR., and the Armie.*]

Wid. The troope is past. ¶ Come, pilgrim, I wil bring you
Where you shall host: Of inioyn'd penitents

91

There's foure or fife, to great S. *Iaques* bound,

Alreadie at my house.

Hel. I humbly thanke you:

([*To MAR. & VIOL.*] Please it this Matron, and this gentle Maide,

72. *Enter . . . Armie.*] Drum and Colours. Enter . . . F (after *defence*, l. 71). 89. *Exeunt . . . Armie.*] Exit. F,

All's Well, that Ends Well

To eat with vs to night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me :) ¶ and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this Virgin,¹
Worthy the note.

95

Both. Wee'l take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.* 98]

Actus Tertius. Scena Sexta.

Camp before Florence.

Enter Count ROSSILLION; and the two Frenchmen,² as at first.

Cap. E. Nay, good my Lord, put him to't; let him haue his way!

Cap. G. If your Lordshippe finde him not a Hilding, hold me no more in your respect! 4

Cap. E. On my life, my Lord, a bubble!

Ber. Do you thinke I am so farre deceiued in him?

Cap. E. Beleeue it, my Lord, in mine owne direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speake of him as my [8] kinfman, hee's a most notable Coward, an infinite and endleffe Lyar, an hourelly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good qualitie worthy your Lordships entertainment.

Cap. G. It were fit you knew him; leaft, reposing too [12] farre in his vertue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trustie businesse, in a maine daunger, fayle you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Cap. G. None better then to let him fetch off his [16] drumme, which you heare him so confidently vndertake to do.

C. E. I, with a troop of *Florentines*, wil sodainly surprize him; such I will haue, whom, I am sure, he knowes not from the enemie: wee will binde and hoodwinke him [20] so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the Leager of the aduerfaries, when we bring him to our owne tents. Be but your Lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest [24] compulsion of base feare, offer to betray you, and deliuier all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the

¹ Virgin = Diana. (*of* = on).

1. *to't*] too't F.

² Lords G. and E., now captains in the Florentine army.

23. *present*] prescnt F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

diuine forfeite of his foule vpon oath, neuer trust my iudgement in anie thing!

28

Cap. G. O, for the loue of laughter, let him fetch his drumme! he fayes he has a stratagem for't: when your Lordship fees the bottome of *his* successe in't, and to what mettle this counterfeyt lump of *ore* will be melted, if you giue [32 him not '*John Drummes* entertainement,' your inclining cannot be remoued. Heere he comes!

Cap. E. O, for the loue of laughter, hinder not the honor of his designe! let him fetch off his drumme in any hand! 36

Enter PARROLLES.

Ber. How now, Monsieur! This drumme sticks forely in your disposition.

Cap. G. A pox on't! let it go; 'tis but a drumme!

Par. 'But a drumme!' 'Ist but a drumme'! A [40 drum fo lost! There was excellent command! to charge in with our horse vpon our owne wings, and to rend our owne sholdiers!

43

Cap. G. That was not to be blam'd, in the command of the seruice: it was a disaster of warre that *Cæsar* him selfe could not haue preuented, if he had beene there to command.

Ber. Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our successe: [47 some dishonor wee had in the losse of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might haue beeene recovered!

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

51

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of seruice is fildome attributed to the true and exact performer, I would haue that drumme or another, or *hic iacet*!

Ber. Why, if you haue a stomacke, to't, Monsieur! if [55 you thinke your mysterie in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour againe into his native quarter, be magnanimious in the enterprize, and go on! I wil grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speede well in it, the Duke shall [59 both speake of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatnesse, euen to the vtmost syllable of your worthinesse.

31. *his*] Rowe. this F.

36. *Enter Parrolles.*] F (after

32. *ore*] oare Theobald. ours F. | 1. 34).

33. *inclinining*] inclining F. | 55. *to't*] too't F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Par. By the hand of a souldier, I will vndertake it!

Ber. But you must not now flumber in it.

63

Par. Ile about it this euening : and I will preſently pen downe my dilemma's, encourage my ſelue in my certaintie, put my ſelue into my mortall preparation ; and, by midnight, looke to heare further from me !

67

Ber. May I bee bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it ?

Par. I know not what the ſucceſſe will be, my Lord ; but the attempt I vow !

71

Ber. I know th'art valiant ; and, to the poſſibility of thy ſouldierſhip, will ſubſcribe for thee. Farewell !

Par. I loue not many words !

[Exit. 74]

Cap. E. No more then a fish loues water ! Is not this a ſtrange fellow, my Lord, that ſo confidently ſeemeſ to vndertake this buſineſſe, which he knowes is not to be done ; damnes himſelfe to do, & dares better be damnd then to doo't ?

79

Cap. G. You do not know him, my Lord, as we doe : certaine it is, that he will ſteale himſelfe into a mans fauour, and for a weeke escape a great deale of diſcoueries ; but, when you finde him out, you haue him euer after.

83

Ber. Why, do you thinke he will make no deede at all of this that ſo ſeriouslie hee dooes addrefſe himſelfe vnto ?

Cap. E. None in the world ; but returne with an iuention, and clap vpon you two or three probable lies : but we [87 haue almoſt imboſt¹ him ; you ſhall ſee his fall to night ; for, indeede, he is not for your Lordſhippes reſpect.

Cap. G. Weele make you ſome ſport with the Foxe ere we caſe² him ! He was firſt ſmoak'd by the old Lord [91 Lafew : when his diſguife and he is parted, tell me what a ſprat you ſhall finde him ; which you ſhall ſee this verie night.

Cap. E. I muſt go looke my twigges : he ſhall be caught.

94

Ber. [to *Cap. G.*³] Your brother, he shall go along with me.

Cap. G. As't please your Lordſhip : Ile leauue you. [Exit.

¹ *imboſt* = ambuscaded (Fr. *embusquer*, Ital. *imboscare*). — *Cap. E.* has to ſtay—he knows all about Diana in IV. iii, and *Cap. G.* knows nothing — *Ber.* muſt speak here to *Cap. G.*

² *caſe* = flay.

³ to *Cap. G.*] om. F. But as

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Ber. Now wil I lead you to the house, and shew you
The Lasse I spoke of.

Cap. E. But you say she's honest? 98

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with hir but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I fent to her,
By this fame Coxcombe that we haue i'th winde,
Tokens and Letters, which she did resend; 102
And this is all I haue done. She's a faire creature!
Will you go see her?

Cap. E. With all my heart, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Septima.

Florence. The Widdows House.

Enter HELLEN, and Widdow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not shee,
I know not how I shall affire you further,
But I shall loose the grounds I worke vpon.

Wid. Though my estate be falne, I was well borne, 4
Nothing acquainted with these businesseſ; 8
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act!

Hel. Nor would I wish you! 8
First, give me truft, the Count he is my husband;
And, what to your fworne counſaile I haue ſpoken,
Is fo, from word to word: and then you cannot,
By the good ayde that I of you ſhall borrow,
Erre in beſtowing it.

Wid. I ſhould beleeue you; 12
For you haue ſhew'd me that which well apprones
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purſe of Gold,
And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre,
Which I will ouer-pay, and pay againe 16
When I haue found it. The Count he woes¹ your daughter,
Layes downe his wanton fledge before her beautie,
Refolues to carrie her: let her, in fine, conſent,

¹ woes = woes. 19. Resolues] F2. Resolute F.
III. vi. 97-104; vii. 1-19.] 56

All's Well, that Ends Well.

As wee'l direct her how 'tis best to beare it.
Now his important blood will naught denie
That shee'l demand : a ring the Countie weares,
That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From sonne to sonne, some foure or fve discents
Since the first father wore it. This Ring he holds
In most rich choice ; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not feeme too deere,
How ere repented after.

20

Wid. Now I see
The bottome of your purpose.

28

Hel. You see it lawfull, then : it is no more,
But that your daughter, ere sheeemes as wonne,
Desires this Ring ; appoints him an encounter ;
In fine, deliuers me to fill the time,
Her selfe most chaytly absent : after,
To marry her, Ile adde three thoufand Crownes
To what is past already.

32

Wid. I haue yeelded :
Instruct my daughter how she shall perséuer,
That time and place, with this deceite so lawfull,
May proue coherent. Euery night he comes
With Mufickes of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her vnworthiness : It nothing steeds vs
To chide him from our eeuves ; for he perfists
As if his life lay on't.

36

Hel. Why, then, to night
Let vs assay our plot ; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deede,
And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act ;
Where both not finne, and yet a sinfull fact !
But let's about it !

43

45

47

[Exeunt.]

39. *comes*] comes F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Before Florence. Without the Florentine Camp.

*Enter one of the Frenchmen (Lord E.), with five or sixe
other Souldiers in ambysh.*

Lord E. He can come no other way but by this hedge corner. When you fallie vpon him, speake what terrible Language you will: though you vnderstand it not your selues, no matter; for we must not feeme to vnderstand [4 him, vnlesse some one among vs, whom wee must produce for an Interpreter.

i. *Sol.* Good Captaine, let me be th'Interpreter!

Lor. E. Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not thy voice? 9

i. *Sol.* No, sir, I warrant you.

Lo. E. But what linsie wolvyn hast thou to speake to vs againe? 12

i. *Sol.* E'n such as you speake to me.

Lo. E. He must thinke vs some band of ftrangers i'th aduersaries entertainment. Now he hath a smacke of all neigbouring Languages; therefore we must euery one [16 be a man of his owne fancie, not to know what we speak one to another; so we feeme to know, is to know straight our purpose: Choughs language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must feeme very [20 politicke. But couch, hoa! heere hee comes! to beguile two houres in a sleepe, and then to returne & fwear the lies he forges. 23

Enter PARROLLES. Clock strikes ten.

Par. Ten a clocke! Within these three houres 'twill be time enough to goe home. What shall I say I haue done? It must bee a very plausifue inuention that carries it. They beginne to smoake mee; and disgraces haue of late knock'd too often at my doore. I finde my tongue is too foole- [28

1. *Lord E.]* i. Lord E. F
IV. i. i-28.]

7. *Captaine]* Captaiue (turned n) F.
58

All's Well, that Ends Well.

hardie; but my heart hath the feare of *Mars* before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

(*Lo. E.* [aside] This is the first truth that ere thine own tongue was guiltie of!) 32

Par. What the diuell should moue mee to vndertake the recouerie of this drumme, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must giue my selfe some hurts, and say I got them in exploit. Yet [36] flight ones will not carrie it: They will say, 'Came you off with so little?' And great ones I dare not giue. Wherefore, what's the infstance? Tongue, I must put you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my selfe another of *Baiazeths* Mule, if you prattle mee into these perilles! 41

(*Lo. E.* Is it possible he should know what hee is, and be that he is?)

Par. I would the cutting of my garments wold serue the turne, or the breaking of my *Spani/h* fword! 45

(*Lo. E.* We cannot affoord you so!)

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem! 48

(*Lo. E.* Twould not do!)

Par. Or to drowne my cloathes, and say I was stript.

(*Lo. E.* Hardly serue!)

Par. Though I swore I leapt from the window of the Citadell . . . 53

(*Lo. E.* How deepe!)

Par. Thirty fadome.

(*Lo. E.* Three great oathes would scarfe make that be beleeued!) 57

Par. I would I had any drumme of the enemies: I would sweare I recouer'd it!

(*Lo. E.* You shall heare one anon!)

Par. A drumme now of the enemies, . . .

Alarum within.

Lo. E. Throca movousus, cargo! cargo! cargo!

All. Cargo! cargo! cargo! villianda par corbo, cargo!

41. *Mule*] F. Mute Warburton.

44. *the*] the F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Par. O, ransome, ransome! do not hide mine eyes. 64
[They seize and blindfold him.]

Inter. [1 Sol.] *Boskos thromuldo boskos!*

Par. I know you are the *Muskos* Regiment;
And I shall loose my life for want of language:
If there be heere *German*, or *Dane*, *Low Dutch*,
Italian, or *French*, let him speake to me; Ile
Discouer that which shal vndo the *Florentine*. 68

Int. *Boskos vauvado.* ¶ I vnderstand thee, & can speake
thy tongue. ¶ *Kerelybonto.* ¶ Sir, betake thee to thy faith,
for feuenteeene ponyards are at thy bosome! 73

Par. Oh!

Inter. Oh, pray, pray, pray! ¶ *Manka reuania dulche?*

Lo. E. *Oscorbidulchos voliuorco.* 76

Int. The Generall is content to spare thee yet;
And, hoodwinkt as thou art, will leade thee on
To gather from thee: Haply thou mayst informe
Something to faue thy life.

Par. O, let me liue!
And all the secrets of our campe Ile shew,
Their force, their purposes; Nay, Ile speake that
Which you will wonder at. 80

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damne me! 84

Inter. ¶ *Acordo linta?*

¶ Come on! thou art granted space.

[Exit, with PARROLLES guarded. A short Alarum within.
L.E. [to 2 Sol.] Go tell the Count *Roffillion*, and my
brother,

We haue caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him mufled
Till we do heare from them.

2 Sol. Captaine, I will. 89

L.E. A will betray vs all vnto our felues:
Informe on¹ that.

2 Sol. So I will, fir.

L.E. Till then Ile keepe him darke, and safely lockt. 92
[Exeunt.]

86. art] are F.

¹ on = of.

92. Exeunt.] Exit. F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Actus Quartus. Scena Secunda.

Florence. The Widdows House.

Enter BERTRAM, and the Maide called DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was *Fontybelle*. 1

Dia. No, my good Lord, *Diana*.

Ber. Titled Goddesse!

And worth it, with addition ! But, faire soule,

In your fine frame, hath loue no qualitie ?

If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,

You are no Maiden, but a monument :

When you are dead, you shoule be such a one

As you are now, for you are cold and sterne ;

And now you shoule be as your mother was

When your sweet selfe was got !

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So shoule you be.

Dia. No :

My mother did but dutie ; such (my Lord)

As you owe to your wife !

Ber. No more a'that !

I prethee, do not ftrive against my vowes :

I was compell'd to her ; but I loue thee

By Loues owne sweet constraint, and will for euer

Do thee all rights of seruice !

Dia. I, so you serue vs
Till we serue you ; But when you haue our Roses,
You barely leaue our thornes to pricke our felues,
And mocke vs with our barenessse !

Ber. How haue I fworne ! 20

Dia. Tis not the many oathes that makes the truth ;

But the plaine fingle vow, that is vow'd true.

What is not holie, that we fweare not by,

But take the High'ft to witnesse : then, pray you, tell me, 24

If I shoulde fweare by *Ioues*¹ great attributes,

I lou'd you deereley, would you beleue my oathes,

¹ The players no doubt altered | Act 3 Jac. I. cap. 21 (1605-6).
Gods to *Ioues* in consequence of the | See note at end of *Twelffe Night*.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

When I did loue you ill? This ha's no holding, To fweare by him whom I protest to loue,	28
That I will worke against him: therefore your oathes Are words and poore conditions; but vnseal'd: At lefft, in my opinion.	
<i>Ber.</i> Change it, change it!	
Be not so holy cruell! Loue is holie;	32
And my integratie ne're knew the crafts	
That you do charge men with! Stand no more off,	
But give thy selfe vnto my sicke desires,	35
Who then recouers! Say, thou art mine, and euer	
My loue, as it beginnes, shall so perfewer!	37
<i>Dia.</i> I see that men make ropes in such a scarre, That wee'l forsake our felues. Give me that Ring!	
<i>Ber.</i> Ile lend it thee, my deere; but haue no power	40
To give it from me.	
<i>Dian.</i> Will you not, my Lord?	
<i>Ber.</i> It is an honour longing to our house, Bequeathēd downe from manie Ancestors;	
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world	44
In me to loose.	
<i>Dian.</i> Mine Honor's such a Ring: My chaftitie's the Iewell of our house,	
'Bequeathēd downe from many Ancestors;	
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,	48
In mee to loose.' Thus your owne proper wisedome	
Brings in the Champion, Honor, on my part,	
Againts your vaine assault.	
<i>Ber.</i> Heere, take my Ring!	
My houfe, mine honor, yea, my life, be thine,	52
And Ile be bid by thee!	
<i>Dia.</i> When midnight comes, knocke at my chamber window: Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.	
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,	56
When you haue conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,	
Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee! My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,	
When backe againe this Ring shall be deliuer'd:	60

38. *ropes*] rope's F. See note at end of Play.
IV. ii. 27-60.]

All's Well, that Ends Well.

And on your finger, in the night, Ile put
Another Ring, that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our past deeds. 63
Adieu till then ! then, faile not ! You haue wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done. 65
Ber. A heauen on earth I haue won by wooing thee ! [Exit.
Di. For which, liue long to thank both heauen & me ! 67
You may so in the end.
My mother told me iuft how he would woo,
As if she fate in's heart ; She fayes, all men
Haue the like oathes : He had sworne to marrie me
When his wife's dead ; therfore Ile lye with him 72
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braide,¹
Marry that will, I lye and die a Maid : 74
Only, in this disguise, I think't no finne,
To cosen him that would vnjustly winne ! [Exit. 76

Actus Quartus. Scena Tertia.

The Florentine Camp.

Enter the two French Captaines, and some two or three Souldours.

Cap. G. You haue not giuen him his mothers letter ? 1

Cap. E. I haue deliu'red it an houre fince : there is somthing in't that stings his nature ; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almost into another man. 4

Cap. G. He has much worthy blame laid vpon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a Lady.

Cap. E. Especially, hee hath incurred the euerlasting displeasure of the King, who had euen tun'd his bounty to sing happinesse to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you. 10

Cap. G. When you haue spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the graue of it. 12

Cap. E. Hee hath peruerted a young Gentlewoman heere in Florence, of a most chaste renown ; & this night he fleshes his will in the spoyle of her honour : hee hath giuen her his monumental² Ring, and thinkes himselfe made in the vnchaste composition. 17

71. *had*] F. hath Capell. 1 *braide* = deceitful.

² *monumentall* = ancestral.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Cap. G. Now, God delay our rebellion! as we are our felues, what things are we! 19

Cap. E. Meerely our owne traitours. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reueale themselues, till they attaine to their abhor'd ends, so he, that in this action contrives against his owne Nobility, in his proper streme, ore-flowes himselfe. 24

Cap. G. Is it not meant damnable¹ in vs, to be Trumpeters of our vnlawfull intents? We shall not then haue his company to night? 27

Cap. E. Not till after midnight; for hee is dieted to his houre.

Cap. G. That approaches apace: I would gladly haue him see his company anathomiz'd, that hee might take a measure of his owne iudgements, wherein so curioufly he had set this counterfeit. 33

Cap. E. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

Cap. G. In the meane time, what heare you of these Warres? 37

Cap. E. I heare there is an ouverture of peace.

Cap. G. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded!

Cap. E. What will Count *Roffillion* do then? Will he traualle higher, or returne againe into *France*? 41

Cap. G. I perceiue, by this demand, you are not altogether of his councell.

Cap. E. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I bee a great deale of his act. 45

Cap. G. Sir, his wife, some two months fince, fledde from his houfe; her pretence² is a pilgrimage to Saint *Iagues le Grand*; which holy vndertaking, with most austere sanctimonie, she accomplitsh; and, there refiding, the tendernesse of her Nature became as a prey to her greefe: in fine, made a groane of her last breath, & now she singes in heauen. 51

Cap. E. How is this iustified?

Cap. G. The stronger part of it by her owne Letters, which

¹ *damnable* = damnably. Does it not show a damnable meaning or disposition in us?

² *i. mēsure] measurc F.*
IV. iii. 18.53.]

² *Pretente:* f. A pretence; purpose, designation, project, intent.—Cotgrave.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

makes her storie true, euen to the poynct of her death: her death it selfe (which could not be her office to say is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place. 56

Cap. E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

Cap. G. I, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the veritie. 59

Cap. E. I am heartily sorrie that hee'l bee gladde of this!

Cap. G. How mightily, sometimes, we make vs comforts of our losses! 62

Cap. E. And how mightily, some other times, wee drowne our gaine in teares! The great dignitie, that his valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample. 66

Cap. G. The webbe of our life is of a mingled yarne, good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would disaire, if they were not cherish'd by our vertues. 70

Enter a Messenger.

¶ How now! Where's your master?

Ser. (Mess.) He met the Duke in the street, sir, of whom hee hath taken a solemne leauue: his Lordshippe will next morning for *France*. The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendations to the King. [Exit. 75

Cap. E. They shall bee no more then needfull there, if they were more then they can command. They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tartnesse. Heere's his Lordship now.

Enter Count ROSSILLION.

¶ How now, my Lord! i'ft not after midnight? 79

Ber. I haue to night dispatch'd sixteene busynesses, a moneths length a peece, by an abstract of successe: I haue congied with the Duke; done my adieu with his neeref; buried a wife; mourn'd for her; writ to my Ladie mother [83 I am returning; entertain'd my Conuoy; &, betweene these maine parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I haue not ended yet. 86

77. *Ber.* before 'They cannot,' | 1. 77.
&c., in F. | 85. *affected*] F3. affected F.

78. *Enter . . .] F* (after *commend*,

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Cap. E. If the busynesse bee of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires baste of your Lordship. 89

Ber. I meane, the busynesse is not ended, as fearing to heare of it hereafter. But shall we haue this dialogue betweene the Foole and the Soldiour? Come! bring forth this counterfet module! has deceiu'd mee, like a double-meaning Prophesier.

Cap. E. Bring him forth! [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] ¶ Ha's fate i'th stockes all night, poore gallant knaue! 95

Ber. No matter; his heeles haue deseru'd it, in vsurping his spurses so long. How does he carry himselfe?

Cap. E. I haue told your Lordship alreadie: the stockes carrie him. But, to answer you as you would be vnderstood; [99] hee weepes like a wench that had shed her milke: he hath confessit himselfe to *Morgan*, whom hee supposes to be a Friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant diafaster of his setting i'th stockes: and what thinke you he hath confessit?

Ber. Nothing of me, ha's a? 104

Cap. E. His confession is taken, and it shall bee read to his face: if your Lordshippe be in't, as I beleue you are, you must haue the patience to heare it. 107

*Enter PAROLLES miffeld & guarded, with his Interpreter
(1 Sol.).*

(*Ber. [aside]*) A plague vpon him! miffeld! he can say nothing of me: hush, hush!

Cap. G. Hoodman comes! ¶ *Portotartaroffa!* 110

Inter. (1 Sol.) He calles for the tortures: what will you say without em?

Par. I will confessfe what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a Pafty, I can say no more. 114

Int. Bosko Chimurcho?

Cap. Boblibindo chicurmurco!

Int. You are a mercifull Generall.—Our Generall bids you answer to what I shall aske you out of a Note. 118

Par. And truly, as I hope to liue.

Int. [reads] 'Firft demand of him, how many horse the Duke is strong.' What say you to that? 121

Par. Fiue or fixe thousand; but very weake and vnseruiceable: the troopes are all scattered, and the Commanders verie

IV. iii. [87-123.]

66

All's Well, that Ends Well.

poore rogues, vpon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to
live. 125

Int. Shall I set downe your answer so?

Par. Do! Ile take the Sacrament on't, how & which way
you will. 128

(*Ber.* All's one to him. What a past-sauing flauie is this!

Cap. G. Y'are deceiu'd, my Lord: this is Mounfieur
Parrolles, the gallant 'militarist,' (that was his owne phrase,)
that had the whole theoricke of warre in the knot of his
scarfe, and the practise in the chape of his dagger. 133

Cap. E. I will neuer trust a man againe, for keeping his
sword cleane; nor beleue he can haue euerie thing in him,
by wearing his apparrell neatly.)

Int. Well, that's set downe. 137

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I sed, (I will say true,) or
thereabouts, set downe, for Ile speake truth.

(*Cap. G.* He's very neere the truth in this. 140

Ber. But I con him no thankes for't, in the nature he
deliuers it.)

Par. 'Poore rogues,' I pray you, say!

Int. Well, that's set downe. 144

Par. I humbly thanke you, fir: a truth's a truth, the
Rogues are maruailous poore.

Interp. [reads] 'Demaudn of him, of what strength they
are a foot.' What say you to that? 148

Par. By my troth, fir, if I were to live this present houre,
I will tell true! Let me see: *Spurio*, a hundred & fiftie;
Sebastien, so many; *Corambus*, so many; *Iaques*, so many;
Guiltian, *Cof'mo*, *Lodouicke*, and *Gratij*, two hundred [152
fiftie each; Mine owne Company, *Chitopher*, *Vaumond*,
Bentij, two hundred fiftie each:—so that the muster file, rotten
and found, vpon my life, amounts not to fifteene thousand
pole; halfe of the which dare not shake the snow from off
their Caffockes, least they shake themselues to peeces. 157

(*Ber.* What shall be done to him?

Cap. G. Nothing, but let him haue thankes! ¶ Demand of
him my condition, and what credite I haue with the Duke.)

129. Ber. *All's one to him. What*
Capell. all's one to him. *Ber.* What F.

152, 153. *Guiltian*] F. Julian
(written *Giulian*) Walker conj.
Chitopher = Christopher.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Int. Well, that's set downe. [*Reads*] 'You shall demaund of him, whether one Captaine *Dumaine* bee i'th Campe, a [162 Frenchman; what his reputation is with the Duke; what his valour, honestie, and expertnesse in warres; or whether he thinkes it were not possible, with well-waighing summes of gold, to corrupt him to a reuolt.' What say you to this? What do you know of it? 167

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories! Demand them singly!

Int. Do you know this Captaine *Dumaine*? 170

Par. I know him: a was a Botchers Prentize in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shrieues fool with childe; a dumbe innocent that could not say him nay.

[*Cap. G. (DUMAINE) offers to strike Par.*

(*Ber.* Nay, by your leaue, hold your hands! though I know his braines are forfeite to the next tile that fals.) 175

Int. Well, is this Captaine in the Duke of *Florence*'s campe?

Par. Vpon my knowledge, he is, and lowfie.

(*Cap. G. [to BER.]* Nay, looke not so vpon me; we shall heare of your Lordship anon!) 179

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knowes him for no other but a poore Officer of mine; and writ to mee this other day to turne him out a'th band: I thinke I haue his Letter in my pocket. 183

Int. Marry, we'll search!

Par. In good fadnesse, I do not know; either it is there, or it is vpon a file, with the Dukes other Letters, in my Tent. 187

Int. Heere 'tis! heere's a paper! shall I reade it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

(*Ber.* Our Interpreter do's it well.

Cap. G. Excellently!)

Int. [reads] 'Dian! the Count's a foole, and full of gold,'...

Par. That is not the Dukes letter, fir; that is an aduertisement to a proper maide in *Florence*, one *Diana*, to take heede of the allurement of one Count *Roffillion*, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, fir, put it vp againe! 197

178. *Cap.*] Cay. F.
IV. iii. 161-197.]

179. *Lordship*] Pope. Lord F.
68

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Int. Nay ! Ile reade it first, by your fauour. 198

Par. My meaning in't (I protest !) was very honest in the behalfe of the maid ; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lasciuious boy, who is a whale to Virginity, and deuours vp all the fry it finds.

(*Ber.* Damnable both-sides rogue !) 203

Int. reads Let. ‘When he sweares oathes, bid him drop gold, and take it !

After he scores, he neuer payes the score :

Halfe won is match well made ; match, and well make it !

He nere payes after-debts; take it before ; 207

And say a souldier (Dian) told thee this :

“ Men are to mell with ; boyes are not to kis ! ” 209

For count of this, the Count's a Foole, (I know it,) 211

Who payes before, but not when he does owe it !

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine eare,

PAROLLES.’

(*Ber.* He shall be whipt through the Armie with this rime in's forehead ! 215

Cap. E. This is your deuoted friend, fir ! the manifold Linguisht, and the army-potent souldier !

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a Cat, and now he's a Cat to me !) 219

Int. I perceiue, fir, by our Generals lookes, wee shall be faine to hang you. 221

Par. My life, fir, in any case ! Not that I am afraide to dye ; but that, my offences beeing many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature ! Let me liue, fir, in a dungeon, i'th stockes, or any where, so I may liue ! 225

Int. Wee'le see what may bee done, so you confess frely ; therefore, once more to this Captaigne *Dumaine* ! you haue answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour : What is his honestie ? 229

Par. He will steale, fir, an Egge out of a Cloister : for rapes and rauishments, he paralels *Neffus*. Hee professes not keeping of oaths ; in breaking em he is stronger then *Hercules*. He will lye, fir, with such volubilitie, that you would [233

204. *Int. reads Let.] Int. Let. F.*

220. *our] Capell. your F.*

All's Well, that Ends Well.

thinke truth were a foole: drunkenesse is his best vertue, for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleepe he does little harme, faue to his bed-cloathes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I haue but little [237 more to say, sir, of his honesty: he ha's euerie thing that an honest man should not haue; what an honest man should haue, he has nothing.

(*Cap. G.* I begin to loue him for this.

241

Ber. For this description of thine honestie? A pox vpon him, for me! he's more and more a Cat.)

Int. What say you to his expertnesse in warre?

244

Par. Faith, fir, ha's led the drumme before the *English* Tragedians: to belye him, I will not; and more of his souldiership I know not; except, in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called *Mile-end*, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certaine.

250

(*Cap. G.* He hath out-villain'd villanie so farre, that the raritie redeemeſ him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a Cat ſtill.)

253

Int. His qualities being at this poore price, I neede not to aske you, if Gold will corrupt him to reuolt.

255

Par. Sir, for a *Cardecue* he will ſell the fee-simple of his faluation, the inheritance of it; and cut th'intaile from all remainders, and a perpetuall ſucession for it perpetually!

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain *Dumain*?

259

(*Cap. E.* Why do's he aske him of me?)

Int. What's he?

261

Par. E'ne a Crow a'th fame neft; not altogether ſo great as the firſt in goodneſſe, but greater, a great deale, in euill. He excels his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the beſt that is: in a retreate hee outrunnes any Lackey; marrie, in comming on, hee ha's the Crampe.

266

Int. If your life be faued, will you vndertake to betray the *Florentine*?

Par. I, and the Captaine of his horſe, Count *Roffillion*.

269

Int. Ile whisper with the Generall, and knowe his pleasure.

256. *Cardecue*] F2. Cardcue F. | Quardecue; a siluer peece of
'Quart d'escu. A Teston, or | coyne worth 18d. sterl.'—Cotgrave.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Par. [aside] Ile no more drumming ! a plague of all
drummes ! Onely to feeme to deserue well, and to beguile
the supposition of that lafcitious yong boy the Count, haue I
run into this danger : yet who would haue suspected an
ambush where I was taken ? 275

Int. There is no remedy, fir, but you must dye ! the
Generall sayes, you, that haue so traitorously discouerd the
secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of
men very nobly held, can serue the world for no honest [279
vfe ; therefore you must dye. Come, headesman, off with
his head !

Par. O Lord, fir, let me liue ! or let me fee my death !

Int. That shall you, and take your leaue of all your friends !
[*Vnmuffling him.*

So, looke about you ! know you any heere ? 284

Count (Ber.) Good morrow, noble Captaine !

Lo. E. God bleffe you, Captaine *Parolles* !

Cap. G. God sauе you, noble Captaine ! 287

Lo. E. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafew* ?
I am for *France*. 289

Cap. G. Good Captaine, will you giue me a Copy of the
sonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalfe of the Count *Roffillion* ?
and I were not a verie Coward, I'de compell it of you : but
far you well ! [*Exeunt all but Int. & PAR.* 293

Int. You are vndone, Captaine ! all but your scarfe ; that
has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot ? 296

Inter. If you could finde out a Countrie where but women
were that had receiued so much shame, you might begin an
impudent Nation. Fare yee well, fir ! I am for *France* too :
we shall speake of you there. [*Exit.* 300

Par. Yet am I thankfull : if my heart were great,
'Twould burft at this ! 'Captaine' Ile be no more ;
But I will eate, and drinke, and sleepe as soft
As Captaine shall ! Simply the thing I am 304
Shall make me liue ! Who knowes himselfe a braggart,
Let him feare this ; for it will come to passe,
That euery braggart shall be found an Affe ! 307
Rust sword ! coole blushes ! and, *Parolle*s, liue
Safest in shame ! being fool'd, by fool'rie thriue !

All's Well, that Ends Well.

There's place and meanes for euery man alive.
Ile after them !

310
[*Exit.*]

Actus Quartus. Scena Quarta.

Florence. The Widdows House.

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceiue I haue not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my suretie ; 'fore whose thronē 'tis needfull,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele : 4
Time was, I did him a desirēd office,
Deere almost as his life ; which gratitudo,
Through flintie *Tartars* bosome would peepe forth,
And answēr, 'thankes.' I duly am inform'd, 8
His Grace is at *Marcellæ*,¹ to which place
We haue conuenient conuoy. You must know
I am supposēd dead : the Army breaking,
My husband hies him home ; where, heauen ayding, 12
And by the leaue of my good Lord the King,
Wee'l be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You neuer had a seruant to whose trust
Your busines was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, Mistris, 16
Euer a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your loue : Doubt not but heauen
Hath brought me vp to be your daughters dower,
As it hath fated ber to be my motiue, 20
And helper to a husband. (But, O ftrange men,
That can such sweet vse make of what they hate,
When fawcie trusing of the cosin'd thoughts 23
Defiles the pitchy night ! so lust doth play

^{3.} 'fore] for F.
¹ *Marcellæ* = Marseilles. Cp. i. 367, vol. ii. p. 43.
IV. v. 74, p. 75; and *Shrew*, II. 16. *you*] F4. *your* F.
[IV. iii. 310-311; iv. 1-24.] 72

All's Well, that Ends Well.

With what it loathes, for that which is away,) 25
But more of this heereafter. ¶ You, *Diana*,
Vnder my poore instrutions, yet must suffer
Something in my behalfe.

Dia. Let death and honestie
Go with your impositions, I am yours,
Vpon your will to suffer! 29

Hel. Yet, I pray you
But with the word; the time will bring on summer,
When Briars shall haue leaues as well as thornes,
And be as sweete as sharpe! We must away;
Our Wagon is prepar'd, and Time reuiues vs:
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL! stll 'the Fine's
the Crown'e;
What ere the course, the end is the renowne. 36

Actus Quartus. Scena Quinta.

Rossillion. The COUNTS Palace.

Enter Clowne, old Lady (COUNTESS), and LAFEW.

Laf. No, no, no! your sonne was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there, whose villanous saffron wold haue made all the vnbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had beeene aliue at this houre, and [4 your sonne heere at home, more aduanc'd by the King, then by that red-tail'd Humble Bee I speak of.

La. (Countess.) I would I had not knowne him! it was the death of the most vertuous gentlewoman, that euer Nature [8 had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost mee the dearest groanes of a mother, I could not haue owed her a more rooted loue. 11

Laf. Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady! Wee may picke a thousand fallets ere wee light on such another hearbe.

Clo. Indeed, fir, she was the sweete Margerom of the fallet, or, rather, the hearbe of grace. 15

9. *partaken*] pertaken F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Laf. They are not hearbes, you knaue; they are nose-hearbes.

Clowne. I am no great *Nabuchadnezar*, sir; I haue not much skill in grace.¹

Laf. Whether doest thou professe thy selfe, a knaue or a foole?

Clo. A foole, sir, at a womans seruice, and a knaue at a mans.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would coufen the man of his wife, and do his seruice.

Laf. So you were a knaue at 'his seruice,' indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, fir, to doe her seruice.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knaue and fool.

Clo. At your seruice.

Laf. No, no, no!

Clo. Why, fir, if I cannot serue you, I can serue as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Whoē that? a *Frenchman*?

Clo. Faith, fir, a has an *English* maine;² but his fisnomie is more hotter in *France* then there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The Blacke Prince, sir; *alias*, the Prince of Darkenesse; *alias*, the Diuell.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse! I giue thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'ft of; serue him still!

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that alwaies loued a great fire; and the master I speak of, euer keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the Prince of the world; let his Nobilitie remaine in's Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, [47 which I take to be too little for pompe to enter: some that humble themselues may, but the manie will be too chill and tender; and they'le bee for the flowrie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy waies! I begin to bee awearie of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee.

¹ *grace* = both 'grass' and 'grace.' ² *maine* = mane. 43. *ef*] off F.
IV. v. 16-53.]

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Go thy wayes! let my horses be wel look'd to, without any
trickes. 55

Clo. If I put 'any trickes' vpon em, fir, they shall bee Ladess
'trickes,' which are their owne right by the law of Nature.

[Exit.

Laf. A shrewd knaue and an vnhappy! 1 58

Lady. So a is! My Lord that's gone made himselfe much
sport out of him: by his authoritie hee remaines heere, which
he thinkes is a patten for his fawciness; and, indeede, he has
no pace, but runnes where he will. 62

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amisse. And I was about
to tell you, since I heard of the good Ladies death, and that
my Lord your sonne was vpon his returne home, I moued
the King my master to speake in the behalfe of my [66
daughter; which, in the minoritie of them both, his Maiestie,
out of a selfe-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his
Highnesse hath promis'd me to doe it: and, to stope vp the
displeasure he hath conceiued against your sonne, there is no
fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it? 71

La. With verie much content, my Lord; and I wish it
happily effected.

Laf. His Highnesse comes post from *Marcellus*,² of as able
bodie as when he number'd thirty: a will be heere to morrow,
or I am deceiu'd by him that in such intelligence hath feldome
fail'd. 77

La. It reioyces me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die.
I haue letters that my sonne will be heere to night: I shall
befeech your Lordship to remaine with mee, till they meete
together. 81

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might
safely be admitted.

Lad. You neede but pleade your honourable priuiledge.

Laf. Ladie, of that I haue made a bold charter; but, I
thankē my God, it holds yet. 86

Re-enter Clowne.

Clo. O Madam, yonder's my Lord your sonne with a patch
of velvet on's face: whether there bee a scar vnder't or no,

¹ *unhappy* = roguish.

| iv. 9, p. 72.

^{54.} *to* too F.

| 78. *X*] Ir F.

² Marseilles. See note on IV.

[IV. v. 54-88.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

the Velvet knowes ; but 'tis a goodly patch of Velvet : his left cheeke is a cheeke of two pile and a halfe, but his right cheeke is worne bare. 91

Laf. A scarre nobly got, or a noble scarre, is a good liu rie of honor ; so, belike, is that. 92

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd face. 93

Laf. Let vs go see your sonne, I pray you : I long to talke with the yong, noble fouldier. 94

Clowne. 'Faith, there's a dozen of em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at euerie man. [Exeunt. 95]

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Marseilles. A Street.

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night, 1
Must wear your spirits low ; we cannot helpe it :
But since you haue made the daies and nights as one.
To weare your gentle limbis in my affayres, 4
Be bold you do so grow in my requitall,
As nothing can vnroote you.—In happie time !

Enter a gentle Astringer.¹

This man may helpe me to his Maiesties eare,
If he would spend his power. ¶ God faue you, sir ! 8

Gent. And you !

Hel. Sir, I haue seene you in the Court of France.

Gent. I haue beeene sometymes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not falne
From the report that goes vpon your goodnesse ; 12
And therefore, goaded with most sharpe occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The vse of your owne vertues, for the which
I shall continue thankefull. 16

Gent. What's your will ?

Hel. That it will please you

¹ *Astringer* = falconer.

8. *sir*] for F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

To giue this poore petition to the King ; [Glues Ast. a Letter.]
And yde me, wth that store of power you haue, 20
To come into his presence.
Gen. The King's not heere !
Hel. Not heere, sir ?
Gen. Not, indeed :
He hence remou'd last night, and with more hast
Then is his vse.
Wid. Lord, how we loose our paines ! 24
Hel. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, yet, 26
Though time feeme so aduerse, and meanes vnfit.
¶ I do beseech you, whither is he gone ?
Gent. Marrie, as I take it, to Rossillion ; 28
Whither I am going.
Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand ;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thanke your paines for it : 32
I will come after you with what good speede
Our meanes will make vs meanes.
Gent. This Ile do for you.
Hel. And you shall finde your selfe to be well thankt, 36
What e're fallies more. [Exit Astringer.] ¶ We must to horse
againe.
[To Attendants.] Go, go, prouide ! [Exeunt. 38

Actus Quintus. Scena Secunda.

Rossillion. Before the COUNTS Palace.

Enter Clowne, and PARROLLES In poore attire.

Par. Good Master Lauatch, giue my Lord Lafew this letter !
I haue ere now, sir, beene better knowne to you, when I haue
held familiarite with fresher cloathes ; but I am now, sir,
muddied in Fortunes mood, and smell somewhat strong of her
strong displeasure. 5

Clo. Truely, Fortunes displeasure is but fluttish, if it smell

All's Well, that Ends Well.

so strongly as thou speakeſt of: I will henceforth eate no Fish of Fortunes butt'ring. Prethee, alow the winde! 8

Par. Nay, you neede not to ftop your nose, fir; I ſpake but by a Metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, fir, if your Metaphor ſtinke, I will ftop my nose; or againſt any mans Metaphor. Prethee, get thee further! 13

Par. Pray you, fir, deliuere me this paper!

Clo. Foh! prethee, ſtand away! a paper from Fortunes cloſeſtoole, to giue to a Nobleman! Looke! heere he comes himſelfe. 17

Enter LAFEW.

Clo. [to LAF.] Heere is a purre of Fortunes, fir, or of Fortunes Cat, (but not a Muscat,) that haſt falue into the vncleane fish-pond of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſayes, is muddied withall: Pray you, fir, vſe the Carpe as you may; for he [21 looks like a poore, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rafcally knaue. I doe pittie his diſtreſſe in my ſmiles of comfort, and leauue him to your Lordſhip. [Exit.

Par. My Lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly ſcratch'd. 26

Laf. And what would you haue me to doe? 'Tis too late to paire her nailes now. Wherein haue you played the knaue with Fortune, that ſhe ſhould scratch you, who of her ſelue is a good Lady, and would not haue knaues thriue long [30 vnder her? There's a Cardecue for you! Let the Iuſtices make you and Fortune, friends; I am for other buſineſſe.

Par. I beſeech your honour to heare mee one ſinglē word!

Laf. You begge a ſinglē peny more: Come, you ſhall ha't; ſave your 'word'! 35

Par. My name, my good Lord, is *Parrolles*.

Laf. You begge more then one word, then. Cox my paſſion! giue me your hand! How does your drumme? 38

Par. O my good Lord, you were the firſt that found mee!

Laf. Was I, infooth? And I was the firſt that loſt thee.

Par. It lies in you, my Lord, to bring me in ſome grace, for you did bring me out. 42

23. *smiles*] F. similes Theobald (Warburton).

31. *her*] F2.

37. *one*] F3.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Laf. Out vpon thee, knaue! doest thou put vpon mee at once both the office of God and the diuel? one [44 brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [Sound Trumpets.] The King's comming; I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah! inquire further after me; I had talke of you last night: though you are a foole and a knaue, you shall eate; go to! follow!

Par. I praise God for you!

[*Exeunt.* 50]

Actus Quintus. Scena Tertia.

Rossillion. The COUNTS Palace.

Flourish. Enter KING, old Lady (Countess), LAFEW, the two French Lords (G. & E.), with Attendants.

Kin. We lost a Iewell of her; and our esteeme
Was made much poorer by it: but your sonne,
As mad in folly, lack'd the fence to know
Her estimation home.

Old La. (Countess.) 'Tis past, my Liege; 4
And I beseech your Maiestie to make it
Naturall rebellion, done i'th blaze of youth;
When oyle and fire, too strong for reasons force,
Ore-beares it, and burnes on!

Kin. My honour'd Lady, 8
I haue forgiuen and forgotten all;
Though my reuenges were high bent vpon him,
And watch'd the time to shoothe.

Laf. This I must say,
(But first I begge my pardon,) the yong Lord 12
Did to his Malesty, his Mother, and his Ladie,
Offence of mighty note; but to himselfe
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the furuey
Of richest eies; whose words, all eares tooke captiue;

44. *office*] offee F.

49. *to*] too F.

6. *blaze*] Warburton. blade F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Whose deere perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serue,
Humbly call'd Mistris !

Kin. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither ! 20
We are reconcil'd ; and the first view shall kill
All repetition : Let him not aske our pardon ;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And, deeper then obliuion, we do burie 24
Th'incensing reliques of it. [To a Gentleman.] Let him
approach,
A stranger, no offender ; and informe him,
So 'tis our will he should !

Gent. I shall, my Liege. [Exit. 27
Kin. [to LAF.] What sayes he to your daughter ? Haue
you spoke ?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.

Kin. Then shall we haue a match. I haue letters sent me,
That sets him high in fame.

Enter Count BERTRAM.

Laf. He lookes well on't.
Kin. [to BER.] I am not a day of season, 32
For thou maist see a fun-shine and a haile
In me at once : But, to the brightest beames,
Diffracted clouds giue way ; so stand thou forth ;
The time is faire agaiue.

Ber. My high repented blames, 36
Deere Soueraigne, pardon to me !

Kin. All is whole ;
Not one word more of the confunèd time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top ;
For we are old, and on our quick'ft decrees, 40
Th'inaudible and noiseleſſe foot of Time,
Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord ? [Pointing to LAFEW.]

Ber. Admiringly, my Liege, at first 44
I fucke my choice vpon her, ere my heart
Durft make too bold a herald of my tongue
Where (the impression of mine eye enfixing)
Contempt his scornfull Pérſpective did lend me,

V. iii. 18-48.] 48

V. iii.] *All's Well, that Ends Well.*

Which warpt the line of euerie other fauour ;
 Scorn'd a faire colour, or exprest it stolne ;¹
 Extended or contracted all proportions
 To a most hideous object : Thence it came,
 That she whom all men prais'd, and whom my selfe,
 Since I haue lost, haue lou'd, was in mine eye
 The dust that did offend it.

52

Kin. Well excus'd !

That thou didst loue her, strikes some scores away
 From the great compt : but loue, that comes too late,
 (Like a remorsefull pardon slowly carried,) 56
 To the great fender, turnes a fowre offence,
 Crying, 'that's good that's gone !' Our rash faults
 Make triuall price of serious things we haue,
 Not knowing them, vntill we know their graue : 60
 Oft our displeasures, to our felues vniust,
 Destroy our friends, and after weepe their dust : 64
 Our owne loue waking, cries to see what's done,
 While shamefull hate sleepes out the afternoone. 66
 Be this sweet *Helens* knell, and now forget her ;
 Send forth your amorous token for faire *Maudlin* :
 The maine consents are had ; and heere wee'l stay
 To see our widdowers second marriage day. 70 [blefie !

Countess. Which, better then the first, O deere heauen,
 Or, ere they meeete, in me, O Nature, cesse ! 72

Laf. Come on, my sonne ! in whom my houses name
 Must be digested ; giue a fauour from you,
 To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
 That she may quickly come ! [BER. giues LAF. HELS Ring.]
 By my old beard, 76
 And eu'rie haire that's on't, *Helen*, that's dead,
 Was a sweet creature ! such a ring as this,
 The last that ere I tooke her leauue at Court,
 I saw vpon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not ! 80

King. Now, pray you, let me see it ! For mine eye,
 While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.

¹ *expreſt it ſtolne* : ſaid that it | tinued to King in F.
 was due to painting. | 82. *to't*] too't F.

71. *Countess.*] Theobald. Con-

All's Weil, that Ends Well.

This Ring was mine ; and, when I gaue it *Hellen*,
I bad her, (if her fortunes euer stoode
Necessitied to helpe,) that by this token 84
I would releue her. Had you that craft, to reaue her
Of what should sted her most ?

Ber. My gracious Soueraigne,
How ere it pleases you to take it so, 88
The ring was neuer hers.

Old La. Sonne, on my life !
I haue seene her weare it ; and she reckon'd it
At her liues rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her weare it !
Ber. You are deceiu'd, my Lord ; she neuer saw it : 92
In *Florence* was it from a cafement throwne mee,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it : Noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag'd :¹ but when I had subscrib'd 96
To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answere in that course of Honour
As she had made the ouverture, she ceast
In heauie satisfaction, and would neuer
Receiue the Ring againe.

Kin. *Plutus* himselfe,
That knowes the tinct and multiplying med'cine,
Hath not in Natures mysterie more science,
Then I haue in this Ring : 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helens*, 104
Who euer gaue it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with your selfe,
Confesse 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her : She call'd the Saints to suretie,
That she would neuer put it from her finger,
Vnlesse she gaue it to your selfe in bed,
(Where you haue neuer come,) or sent it vs
Vpon her great disaftter.

Ber. She neuer saw it. 112
Kin. Thou speakeft it falsely, as I loue mine Honor !
And mak'ft coniecturall feares to come into me,

¹ *ingag'd* = unengaged (*in — not*). 114. *coniectural*] F2. connec-
101. *Plutus*] Rowe (ed. 2). | turall F.

Platus F.

V. iii. 83-114.]

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Which I would faine shut out. If it should proue
That thou art so inhumane, . . . 'twill not proue so;— 116
And yet I know not: thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes my selfe, could win me to beleue,
More then to see this Ring. ¶ Take him away! 120

[Guards seize BERTRAM.]

(My fore-past proofes, how ere the matter fall,
Shall taxe my feares of little vanitie,
Hauing vainly fear'd too little.) Away with him!
Wee'l fift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall proue 124
This Ring was euer hers, you shall as easie
Proue that I hushanded her bed in *Florence*,
Where yet she neuer was! [Exit, guarded.]

Enter a Gentleman (the gentle Astringer), with HELS Letter.

King. I am wrapd in dismall thinkings.
Gen. Gracious Soueraigne, 128
Whether I haue beeene to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a *Florentine*,
Who hath for foure or fve remoues come short,
To tender it her selfe. I vndertooke it, 132
Vanquish'd thereto by the faire grace and speech
Of the poore suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is heere attending: her busynesse lookest in her
With an importing visage; and she told me, 136
In a sweet verball breefe, it did concerne
Your Highnesse with her selfe.

A Letter (read by the KING).

'Upon his many protestations to marrie mee when his wife
was dead, I blush to say it, he wonne me. Now is the [140
Count Rossillion a Widdower; his vowes are forfeited to
mee, and my honors payed to him. Hee stole from Florence,
taking no leaue, and I follow him to his Countrey for Iufice:
Grant it me, O King! in you it best lies; otherwise a [144
seducer flourishes, and a poore Maid is undone!'

DIANA CAPILET:

116. *thou*] rhou F.

122. *taxe*] F2. taze F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Laf. I will buy me a sonne in Law in a faire, and toule
for this: Ile none of him! 148

Kin. The heauens haue thought well on thee, *Lafew*,
To bring forth this discou'rie! ¶ Seeke these futors!

¶ Go speedily, and bring againe the Count!

[*Exeunt Astringer, and some Attendants.*]

[*To Countess.*] I am a-feard the life of *Hellen* (Ladie)
Was fowly snatcht.

Old La. Now, iustice on the doers! 153

Re-enter Bertram, guarded.

King. [to *Ber.*] I wonder, sir, sith wiues are monstres to
you,
And that you flye them as you fweare them Lordship,
Yet you desire to marry. ¶ What woman's that?

Re-enter Astringer, with Widdow and Diana. (*Later,*
Parrolles.)

Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched *Florentine*, 157
Deriuëd from the ancient *Capilet*:
My fuite, as I do vnderstand, you know,
And therefore know how farre I may be pittied.

Wid. I am her Mother, sir, whose age and honou
Both suffer vnder this complaint we bring, 161
And both shall cease, without your remedie.

King. Come hether, Count! do you know these Women?
Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will denie, 165
But that I know them: do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you looke so strange vpon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my Lord!

Dia. If you shall marrie,
You giue away this hand, and that is mine; 169
You giue away heauens vowes, and those are mine;
You giue away my selfe, which is knowne mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,

153. *Re-enter . . .*] Enter Ber- | 156. *Re-enter . . .*] Enter Widdow,
tram. F (after l. 151). | Diana, and Parrolles. F.

154. *sith*] Dyce. sir F.

V. iii. 147-172.]

All's Well, that Ends Well.

That she which marries you, must marrie me,
Either both or none !

Laf. [to BERTRAM.] Your reputation comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her!

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and desp'reate creature, 177
Whom sometime I haue laugh'd with: Let your highnes
Lay a more noble thought vpon mine honour,
Then for to thinke that I would sinke it heere!

Kin. Sir, for my thoughts, you haue them il to friend, 181
Till your deeds gaine them : fairer proue your honor,
Then in my thought it lies !

Dian. Good my Lord,
Aske him vpon his oath, if hee do's thinke
He had not my virginity? 185

Ber. She's impudent, my Lord,
And was a common gamester to the Campe.

Dia. He do's me wrong, my Lord; If I were so,
He might haue bought me at a common price: 189
Do not beleue him! O, behold this Ring,

[*Showes BERS Ring.*
Whose high respect, and rich validitie,
Did lacke a Paralell; yet, for all that,
He gane it to a Commoner a'th Campe,
If I be one! 193

Coun. He blusheſ, and 'tis hit !¹
Of fixe preceding Anceſtors, that lemme,
(Confer'd by teſtament to' th ſequent iſſue,) 197
Hath it beeſe owed and worne. This is his wife ;
That Ring's a thouſand prooſes !

King. Me thought you saide,
You saw one heere in Court could witnesse it?

Dia. I did, my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument: his name's *Parrolles*. 201

Laf. I saw the man to day, if 'man' he bee!
Kin. Find him, and bring him hither! [Exit an Attendant.

Ros. Find him, and bring him hither! [Exit an Attendant.]

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,

Leptophis *punctatus* F. [V. iii. 173-204]

All's Well, that Ends Well.

With all the spots a'th world, taxt and debosh'd ; 205
Whose nature fickens but to speake a truth !
Am I or that, or this, for what he'l vtter,
That will speake any thing ?

Kin. She hath that Ring of yours !
Rof. I thinke she has ; certaine it is I lyk'd her, 209
And boorded her i'th wanton way of youth :
She knew her distance, and did angle for mee,
Madding my eagernesfe with her restraint ;
(As all impediments in fancies course, 213
Are motiues of more fancie;) and, in fine,
Her insuite¹ comming with her moderne grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate : she got the Ring ;
And I had that which any inferiour might 217
At Market price haue bought.

Dia. I must be patient !
You, that haue turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May iustly dyet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lacke vertue, I will loofe a husband,) 221
Send for your Ring, I will returne it home,
And give me mine againe !

Rof. I haue it not !
Kin. What Ring was yours, I pray you ?
Dian. Sir, much like
The fame vpon your finger. 225

Kin. Know you this Ring ? This Ring was his of late.
[Shews HELENAS Ring.]

Dia. And this was it I gaue him, being a bed.
Kin. The story then goes falfe, you threw it him
Out of a Casement.

Dia. I haue spoke the truth. 229
Rof. My Lord, I do confess the ring was hers.
Kin. You boggle shrewdly, euery feather starts you.

Re-enter Attendant, with PAROLLES.

¶ Is this the man you speake of ?

¹ *insuite* — ensuit, following on | *infinite* cunning S. Walker.
(eagerly), importunity. ‘*Ensuyre* 231. *Re-enter . . .*] Enter Parolles.
[pp. *ensuit*]. To follow, pursue, F (after l. 229).
runne or chase after.’ — Cotgrave.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Dia.

I, my Lord.

Kin. [to **PAR.**] Tell me, firrah! (but tell me true, I charge
you,) 233

Not fearing the displeasure of your master,

Which, on your iuft proceeding, Ile keepe off.)

By¹ him, and by this woman heere, what know you? 236

Par. So please your Maiefsty, my master hath bin an honourable Gentleman. Trickes hee hath had in him, which Gentlemen haue. 239

Kin. Come, come! to th'purpose! Did hee loue this woman?

Par. Faith, fir, he did loue her: but how?

Kin. 'How,' I pray you? 243

Par. He did loue her, fir, as a Gentleman loues a Woman.

Kin. How is that?

Par. He lou'd her, fir, and lou'd her not.

Kin. As thou art a knaue, and no knaue. ¶ What an equiuocall Companion is this! 248

Par. I am a poore man, and at your Maiefties command.

Laf. Hee's a good drumme, my Lord, but a naughtie Orator.

Dian. Do you know he promist me marriage? 252

Par. Faith, I know more then Ile speake.

Kin. But wilt thou not speake all thou know'ft?

Par. Yes, so please your Maiefsty. I did goe betweene them, as I said; but more then that, he loued her: for, [256] indeede, he was madde for her, and talkt of *Sathan*, and of *Limbo*, and of *Furies*, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knewe of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, [260] and things which would deriue mee ill will to speake of; therefore I will not speake what I know.

Kin. Thou haft spoken all alreadie, vnflesse thou canst say they are maried: but thou art too fine in thy euidence; therefore stand aside! 265

¶ This Ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. I, my good Lord.

Kin. Where did you buy it? Or who gaue it you?

¹ *By* = of.

244. *Gentleman*] Rowe. Gent. F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

Dia. It was not giuen me, nor I did not buy it.

Kin. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither. 269

Kin. Where did you finde it, then?

Dia. I found it not.

Kin. If it were yours by none of all these wayes,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I neuer gane it him. 272

Laf. This woman's an easie gloue, my Lord; she goes off
and on at pleasure.

Kin. This Ring was mine; I gaued it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers, for ought I know. 276

Kin. Take her away; I do not like her now;
To prisoun with her! and away with him!

¶ Vnlesse thou telst me where thou hadst this Ring,
Thou dieft within this houre.

Dia. Ile neuer tell you. 280

Kin. Take her away!

Dia. Ile put in baile, my liedge.

Kin. I thinke thee now some common Customer.

Dia. [to LAFEW] By Ioue! if euer I knew man, 'twas you!

King. Wherfore haft thou accusid him al this while?

Dia. Because he's guiltie, and he is not guilty: 285

He knowes I am no Maid, and hee'l fweare to't;

Ile fweare I am a Maid, and he knowes not.

Great King, I am no strumpet, by my life,

I am either Maid, or else this old mans wife! 289

[Pointing to LAFEW.]

Kin. She does abuse our eares: To prisoun with her!

Dia. [to Wid.] Good mother, fetch my bayle! [Exit
Widdow.] ¶ Stay, Royall sir!

The Jeweller that owes¹ the Ring is sent for,

And he shall surely me. But for this Lord, 293

(Who hath abus'd me, as he knowes himselfe,

Though yet he neuer harm'd me,) heere I quit him:

He knowes himselfe, my bed he hath defil'd;

And at that time he got his wife with childe: 297

Dead though she be, she feelest her yong one kicke:

286. *to'f]* too F.

¹ *owes* = owns.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

So there's my riddle: One that's dead is quicke : 299
And now behold the meaning !

Re-enter Widdow, with Hellen.

Kin. Is there no exorcift
Beguiles the truer Office of mine eyes ?
Is't reall that I fee?

Hel. No, my good Lord ;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see, 303
The name, and not the thing.

Rof. Both, both! O pardon!

Hel. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kinde ! There is your Ring ;
And, looke you, heeres your letter: this it sayes: 307
[Reads] '*When from my finger you can get this Ring,*

And are by me with childe,' &c.¹ This is done :
Will you be mine, now you are doubly wonne? 310

Rof. If she, my Liege, can make me know this clearly,
Ile loue her dearely, euer, euer dearly ! 312

Hel. If it appeare not plaine, and proue vntrue,
Deadly diuorce sttep betweene me and you ! 314
¶ O my deere mother ! do I see you liuing ?

Laf. Mine eyes smell Onions ; I shall weepe anon :
[To FARROLLES] Good Tom Drumme, lend me a handkercher !
So, 318
I thanke thee : waite on me home, Ile make sport with thee :
Let thy curties alone, they are scuruy ones.

King. Let vs from point to point this storie know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow. 322
[To DIANA] If thou beeest yet a fresh vncroppēd flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and Ile pay thy dower ; 324
For I can guesse, that, by thy honest ayde,
Thou keptst a wife her selfe, thy selfe a Maide. 326
¶ Of that and all the progresse, more and lesse,
Resolduedly more leafure shall expresse : 328

300. *Re-enter . . .*] Enter Hellen | come off,) and shew me a childe
and Widdow. F. | begotten of thy bodie, that I am

¹ 'When thou canst get the Ring | father to,' &c.—III. ii. 56-58, p. 45.
upon my finger, (which neuer shall | 309. are] Rowe. is F.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

All yet seemes well ; and, if it end so meete,
The bitter paft, more welcome is the sweet ! [Flourish. 330

EPILOGUE spoken by the KING.

THe King's a Begger, now the Play is done !
All is well ended, if this suite be wonne, 332
That you exprefse Content ; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day : 334
Ours be your patience, then, and yours our parts ;
Your gentle hands lend vs, and take our hearts ! 336
[*Exeunt omn.*

334. *strife*] strift F.

F I N I S.

NOTES.

p. 7, I. i. 69. *Ber. to Hel.* B. Nicholson conj. Rowe and subsequent editors made Ber. address the whole speech—including ll. 68, 69, ‘The best . . . to you’—to Hel.

p. 11, I. i. 208. *like likes* = as likes.

p. 11, I. ii. 3, 15. 1 *Lo. G.*, 2 *Lo. E.* The patronymic of these two French lords is Dumain. See IV. iii. 162, p. 68, and I. 259, p. 70. Rowe and all subsequent editors have distinguished them as ‘First Lord’ and ‘Second Lord.’ Capell first suggested that *G.* and *E.* are their actors’ initials. The names of Samuel Gilburne, Robert Gouge, and William Ecclestone are found in the list of ‘Principall Actors’ prefixed to *Fl.* *French E.* and *French G.*, the ‘two Gentlemen’ who appear at III. ii. 43, p. 45, although they have the same prefixes as the ‘two Frenchmen’ who enter in III. i., and are called ‘souldiers’ (III. ii. 33, p. 44), seem to be diplomatic agents of the French court (III. ii. 52-54, p. 45); whose parts were assigned to the same actors who presented *Lords G.* and *E.* *French E.*, one of the ‘two Gentlemen’—not ‘Lords’—is well acquainted with the true disposition of Parolles (III. ii. 87-89, p. 46), from whom *Lords G.* and *E.* parted with great apparent cordiality in II. i. 37, 38, 45, p. 22. Moreover, we can hardly suppose *French G.* and *E.*—who, when Act III. sc. i. closes, are to join the Florentine army ‘to-morrow’—to be the *French E.* and *G.* who enter in the next scene, and on the same day (Day 5), on their way to Paris (III. ii. 52-54, p. 45).

p. 12, I. ii. 44, 45. *Making them proud*, &c. The meaning may be: (1) Making them proud of his humilitie, he [being] humbled (or humbling himself) in their poore praise (their awkward attempts to respond to his condescension); or, (2) making them proud of his humilitie [whom] he humbled in their poore praise (in his poor praise of them; praise which they felt unworthy of).

p. 21, II. i. 13-15. *Those bated*, &c. Thus explained by Singer: ‘The king excepts to the unworthy Italians, who inherit not the true “ancient Roman honour,” but the degenerate spirit of the decline and fall, and are *unfit umpires of worth and valour*.’

p. 26, II. i. 165. *her.* Donne has feminine pronouns with Hesperus. ‘As Hesperus *she* [Venus] presents you with *her* bonum utile, because it is wholesomest in the morning’; &c. ix. Why is Venus-star multinomious, called both Hesperus and Vesper.—*Ivenilia*, 2nd ed. (1633), p. 42.

p. 35, II. iii. 195. *I write Man.* From the following quotations it

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would seem that a youthful male adult was said to ‘write man.’ . . . ‘for alheit I did *write man*, yet I was but a young Lad to speak of,’ &c.—Mabbe’s *Guzman de Alfarache*, 1623, Pt. I. bk. ii. chap. 6, p. 146. The orig. is: . . . ‘que aunque varon, era muchacho,’ &c. ‘But when I once began to *write Man*,’ &c.—ibid., bk. iii. chap. 9, p. 245. ‘Quando me vi mancebo’ &c. See III. v. 63, p. 51, for a similar phrase.

p. 55, III. vi. 91. *case* = flay. . . . ‘then doth he [a Virginian native executioner] proceed with shels and reeds to *case* the skinne from his [the malefactor’s] head and face.’—Capt. J. Smith’s *Map of Virginia*, 1612, p. 37.

p. 59, IV. i. 40, 41. *Bajazeth Mule*. Shakspere may have met with a story of a mule of Bajazeth I. or II. having been once gifted with speech, as was Balaam’s ass, and Achilles’s horse Xanthos.

p. 59, IV. i. 62, 63. *cargo*. Perhaps this word is not mere ‘linsie wolsy,’ like the rest. G. Markham, enumerating the names of the trumpet-signals, says: ‘The fift is, *Carga, Carga*,—or—An Alarum; Charge! Charge! Which sounded, every man (like Lightning) flyes vpon his enemie, and gues prooef of his valour.’—*The Souldiers Accidence*, 1625, p. 61.

p. 61, IV. ii. 25. *Ioues*. The Act referred to above is entitled: ‘An Acte to restrain Abuses of Players.’ The latter part of chap. 21 runs thus: ‘That if at any tyme or tymes, after the end of the present Session of Parliament, any person or persons doe or shall in any Stage play interlude Shewe Maygame or Pageant jestingly or prophanely speake or use the holy Name of God or of Christ Jesus, or of the Holy Ghost or of the Trinitie, which are not to be spoken but with feare and reverence, [he] shall forfeite for everie such Offence by hym or them committed Tenne Pounds, the one moytie thereof to the Kings Majestie his Heires and Successors the other moytie thereof to hym or them that will sue for the same in any Courte of Recorde at Westminster, wherein no essoigne, Proteccyon or Wager of Lawe shalbe allowed.’

p. 62, IV. ii. 38, 39. *ropes in such a scarre*, &c. Mr. John Davies (*Notes & Queries*, 5th S., viii. 182; x. 145) conjectured that *ropes* is the plural of the O.E. *rōþ*, an outcry; *scarre* = scare; and *forsake* = refuse. “Bertram,” he explained, “has been protesting vehemently to Diana, and she replies, ‘I see that men make loud protestations in the fear that we’ll refuse (to give) ourselves.’ She adds, therefore, because she wished to have something more substantial, ‘Give me that ring.’” *Rōþ*, lament, outcry, is a rare and early word,—the latest known instance of its use occurs in Layamon’s *Brut* (? 1205 A.D.), l. 12540,—though it survives with a restricted sense in the form *roup*; e. g. sale by public *roup*. *Scarre*, a frequent spelling of *scare*, is found in *Rom. & Jul.*, V. iii. 262, F. text. *Forsake*, refuse, is common. See, for an example, II. iii. 54, p. 31, in this play. The word *scarre* occurs in *Lingua, Act I. sc. vi.* (see Lettsom’s note apud W. S. Walker’s *Text of Shakspere*, iii. 75), where a character named Tactus, after exchang-

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ing his usual dress and garland for a robe and crown, makes a boastful speech, one line of which runs thus: ‘Poets will write whole volumes of this *scarre*.’ The Rev. W. A. Harrison points out that the editions of 1607, 1610, 1617, 1622, and 1632 read *scarre*, but that the edition of 1657 has *change*, apparently because the former word had become obsolete. Assuming, then, that *scarre* = exchange, barter, Diana means that in an exchange or barter of empty promises against chastity, men anticipate that women will forsake themselves. If this be the true interpretation of *scarre*, the *ropes* may be fond utterances and loving protests; though a much clearer sense would be obtained by reading, with Rowe, *hopes for ropes*.

[I see that men make rope's in such a scarre, &c. I don't agree with the Note above on this passage. The Folio *rope's* should have been kept in the text; and as 's = us, I think *ropes* is a verb, and the phrase an instance of a regular Early English use of *make*, as in *make brenne*,¹ cause to be burnt, *make bryng*,² cause to be brought, like the French *il fait bâtrir une maison*, he causes a house to be built, he has a house built. The *Brut* says that Henry IV ‘made burye’ the body of Richard II. Shakspere's words therefore mean, ‘I see that men cause us to be roped in such a scarre,—rocky or gravelly place—that we'll forsake ourselves, give up our chastity.’ Our modern phrase is, ‘get us into such a tight place, or corner’.—F. J. Furnivall, 5 June, 1908.]

p. 74, IV. v. 16. *not hearbes. not pot hearbes* B. Nicholson conj.

p. 74, IV. v. 19. *grace*. The Clown is punning on the similar pronunciation of *grace* and *grass*; which is shown by the frequent occurrence of the latter spelling. Cp. e. g.: ‘Thersandro . . . began to take heart at *grasse*, and within few daies began to recover his former health.’—Greene's *Card of Fancie*, 1587, Huth Lib., vol. iv. pp. 151, 152.

p. 84, V. iii. 147, 148. *I will buy me a sonne in Law in a faire, &c.* Lafew probably means that he will be careful to obtain a guarantee of ownership with his next son-in-law; alluding to the stat. 31 Eliz. cap. 12, which regulated the sale of horses. By this statute a penalty of 40 shillings was imposed ‘vnlesse the Toltaker, . . . will take yppon him perfect knowledge of the same person [the vendor], his name, surname, & place of dwelling, or resiancie, and shall enter the same into a booke kept for Horses sold: or vnlesse the said person do bring to such Toltaker, book-keeper, &c. one sufficient and credible person, that can & wil testifie that he knoweth the seller, giuer, or putter away, his name, surname, mysterie, and dwelling place: and there enter into such booke, aswel the same, as the name, surname, mysterie, and place of

¹ 1502. *Ord. Crysten Men* (W. de Worde, 1506), Our Lorde, that . . . this present worlde shall *make brenne* by fyre.—*N. E. D.*

² The good lady *made bryng lynnен* and other clothes.—Caxton's *Four Sonnes of Aymon*, E. E. T. Soc. i. 129/7.

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dwelling, or resiancie of such testifier, together with the true price that shalbe taken for such horse, mare, gelding, colt, or fillie so sold': &c. A penalty of £5 was incurred by 'the Toletaker, or other officer aforesaide, that shall refuse to gue to the buyer, or taker of such horse, &c. a true note in writing of that his entrie, the partie paying two pence for the same.'—Lambard's *Eirenarcha*, 1592, pp. 445, 446. *toule* (toll) is used with some latitude for the obtainment by the purchaser of a certificate of sale, the word being properly applicable to the payment by the vendor of a toll (*id.* by stat. 3 Ph. & Mar. cap. 4) for the entry of the transaction in the toll-book.

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